



No. 315.—VOL. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



[Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.]

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

Mr. Waller impersonated D'Artagnan in Mr. Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers," now being presented at the Garrick Theatre, and is at present impersonating the Duke of Buckingham in Mr. Grundy's version of "The Musketeers," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE POULETT PEERAGE.

Last week I gave in facsimile the birth certificate of the Organ-grinder claimant to the Earldom of Poulett. Since then, rumours have been current that the records at Somerset House disclose a further son of the late Earl's first wife, and I am now able to reproduce the register of birth not only of this second son, but also that of a third son, as well as

instance one can call to mind in the ranks of the peerage where, as in this case, children registered as the issue of a peer are not generally known of or recorded in the usual books of reference.

The birth of the two children in question does not, however, directly affect either of the claims to the title, as the younger, Charles Blewitt, died at Portsea in 1857, aged three, while the elder, Frederick, is believed to have lived only a few hours.

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT of <u>Portsea Island Union</u>								
1849. Marriage Solemnized at the Register Office in the District of <u>Portsea Island Union</u> in the County of <u>Southampton</u>								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
162	Twenty third of June 1849	William Henry Poulett	full	Bachelor	Lieut. 2nd Regt Foot	High Street Portsmouth	George Poulett	Admiral R.N.
		Elizabeth Lavina Newman	full	Spinster		Wingfield Street Landport	Joseph Newman	Capt.
Married in the <u>Register Office</u> according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the <u>before me</u> <u>Stephen Reeves</u> Registrar								
This Marriage was solemnized between us, <u>William Henry Poulett</u> <u>Elizabeth Lavina Newman</u> in the Presence of us, <u>James Lock</u> <u>Frederick Hewellyn Alexander</u> <u>William Dorey</u> Superintendent Registrar								

FACSIMILE OF A CERTIFICATE OF LORD POULETT'S MARRIAGE WITH MISS NEWMAN, THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER, ON JUNE 23, 1849.

the certificate of marriage of the sixth Earl (then Lieutenant William Henry Poulett) with the Landport pilot's daughter.

It will be noticed that both the birth certificates give the name of the father as William Henry Poulett, and their bearing on the case will be at once apparent, although their value is somewhat discounted by reason of the mother being on each occasion the informant. At the same time, unless wholesale fraudulent registration has taken place, their discovery rather upsets the usually accepted story that the Earl left his wife for good and all shortly after the birth of her first son, and it would be interesting to know where his regiment was stationed and

As Earl Poulett's son (William John Lydston) by his third wife was born only in September 1883, he is not yet sixteen years of age, and could not himself require a writ of summons to the House of Lords until he reaches twenty-one, so that for another five or six years he can lie low and await developments by the other side; but, as the case so far as the peerage title is concerned must, no doubt, eventually come before the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords, neither party should rightly assume the style, title, or dignity, or be recognised as a peer, until the question has been properly adjudicated upon. In fact, the title, being in dispute, is dormant.

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT <u>Portsea Island Union</u>										
1852. BIRTHS in the Sub-District of <u>Landport and Southsea</u> in the County of <u>Southampton</u>										
No.	When and where Born.	Name, if any.	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.	Baptismal Name, if added after Registration of Birth.
457	Twenty seventh September 1852 Green Lane Fratton	Frederick	boy	William Henry Poulett	Elizabeth Lavina Poulett formerly Newman	Lieutenant 22nd Foot	E. L. Poulett Mother Green Lane Fratton	Fifth November 1852	James Linington Shields Registrar	

THIS SHOWS THAT, BESIDES THE ORGAN-GRINDER (BORN DEC. 15, 1849), LORD POULETT'S FIRST WIFE BORE HIM ANOTHER SON IN 1852.

where he was serving throughout the years in question. May not the discovery of these two registrations—of Frederick in 1852, and Charles Blewitt in 1854—have, in reality, been the original cause of the Earl's repudiation of paternity of William Turnour Thomas?

As the discovery of these two additional sons of the first wife has been made in the course of a few days, one cannot help wondering whether a further search would reveal any others registered in similar ways. A reference to the printed peerages shows that neither of these children were ever recorded in any of them, and this is not the only

The armorial bearings of the Poulett family, as recorded in "Debrett," are: Arms—sable, three swords in pile points downward argent, pommels and hilts or; and Crest—a cubit arm embowed in armour, the hand grasping a sword, all proper; while the supporters attached to the earldom represent—Dexter, a wild man, wreathed round the temples and loins with oak; sinister, a woman with flowing hair and wreathed round the temples and loins as the dexter. The motto is "Gardez la foy" ("Keep the faith"). Not altogether an inappropriate coat, under the circumstances!

SUPERINTENDENT REGISTRAR'S DISTRICT <u>Stoke Newington</u>										
1854. BIRTHS in the Sub-District of <u>Stoke</u> in the County of <u>Devon</u>										
No.	When and where Born.	Name, if any.	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.	Baptismal Name, if added after Registration of Birth.
335	Third July 1854 5 Fellowes place Stoke Newington	Charles Blewitt	boy	William Henry Poulett	Elizabeth Lavina Poulett formerly Newman	Captain in the 22nd Foot	E. L. Poulett Mother 5 Fellowes place Stoke Newington	Twelfth August 1854	W. M. Rickard Registrar	

THIS SHOWS THAT A THIRD SON WAS ACTUALLY BORN TO LORD POULETT BY HIS FIRST WIFE.



MISS PAULA ORMÉE GRIGOLATI AS THE QUEEN HUMMING-BIRD,
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL, MANCHESTER.



MRS. HALL CAINE, THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

THE NORTH v. SOUTH FOOTBALL TEAMS.

Forman. Prescott. Booth. Hillman. Williams. Neelham.



Athersmith. Bloomer. Johnson. Settle. Place.

THE NORTH TEAM.

Barker. F D Cautley. Stanley Brigs. Robinson. W. J. Oakley. B Middleditch.



G. C. Vassall. Calvey. G. O. Smith. G P. Wilson. Bradshaw.

THE SOUTH TEAM.

The Match was played at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, and the North won by three goals to one. The photographs are by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

February has come, and it has brought the weather that Christmas should have been accompanied by. Here is a photograph of Simla, taken after the late exceptional snowstorm. Probably not since 1882 has such a fall been experienced. It lay on the ground eighteen inches to two feet, and far deeper in sheltered situations. The snow-plough, drawn by two bullocks, had to be brought into frequent requisition.

The arrival of Princess Henry of Prussia has given great zest to the winter season at Hong-Kong. Sir Henry and Lady Blake gave a dance in her honour at Government House. The Princess, who looked charming, wore a scarlet poplin, plentifully trimmed with chiffon of the same colour, and a magnificent diamond necklace. Lady Blake was handsome in black and yellow, and Miss Blake, who is always lovely, was in blue. Both the royal guests danced with great energy, even taking part in an eightsome reel. The captain and officers of S.M.S. *Deutschland* gave a splendid ball on board their ship. Prince and Princess Henry received the guests, who numbered about three hundred, and dancing was kept up till a late hour and thoroughly enjoyed.

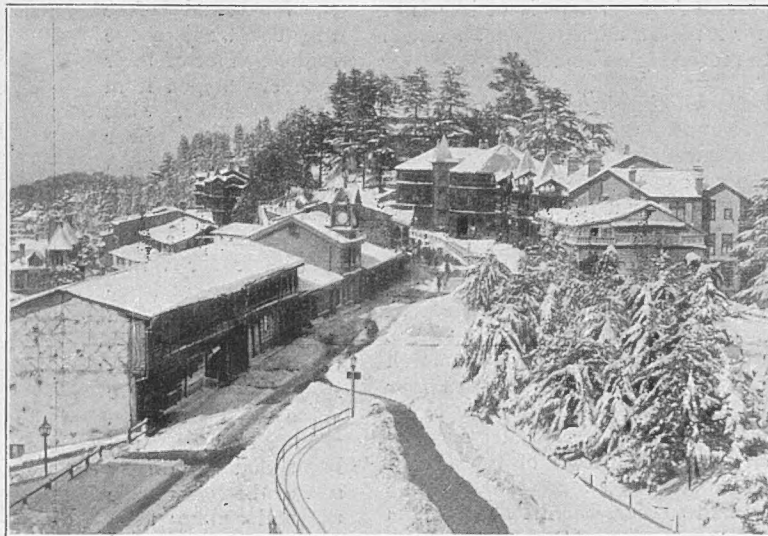
To promote the aims of the new School for the Study of Tropical Medicine, Mr. Chamberlain will preside at a dinner to be held at the Hôtel Cecil on May 10. Some £14,000 is required, in addition to the Colonial Office subsidy and the money already collected, and a strong effort is being made to secure the amount on or before the date of the dinner. Nobody who has travelled in far countries will dispute the crying need for the new school; it is a matter for surprise that London has waited so long for it. The diseases of the East are horrible and mysterious—the Western practitioner is absolutely helpless among them, and in these days of rapid colonial expansion, when so many young people go into strange lands to look for fortune, the necessity for definite

acquaintance with the diseases peculiar to the countries is obvious. The site for the new school is in the Royal Albert Docks, and has been presented by the Dock Company. At the present time many incurable diseases are brought under observation at the *Dreadnought* and Dock Hospitals, and the precautions taken to prevent the propagation of these diseases fill all who hear about them with admiration.

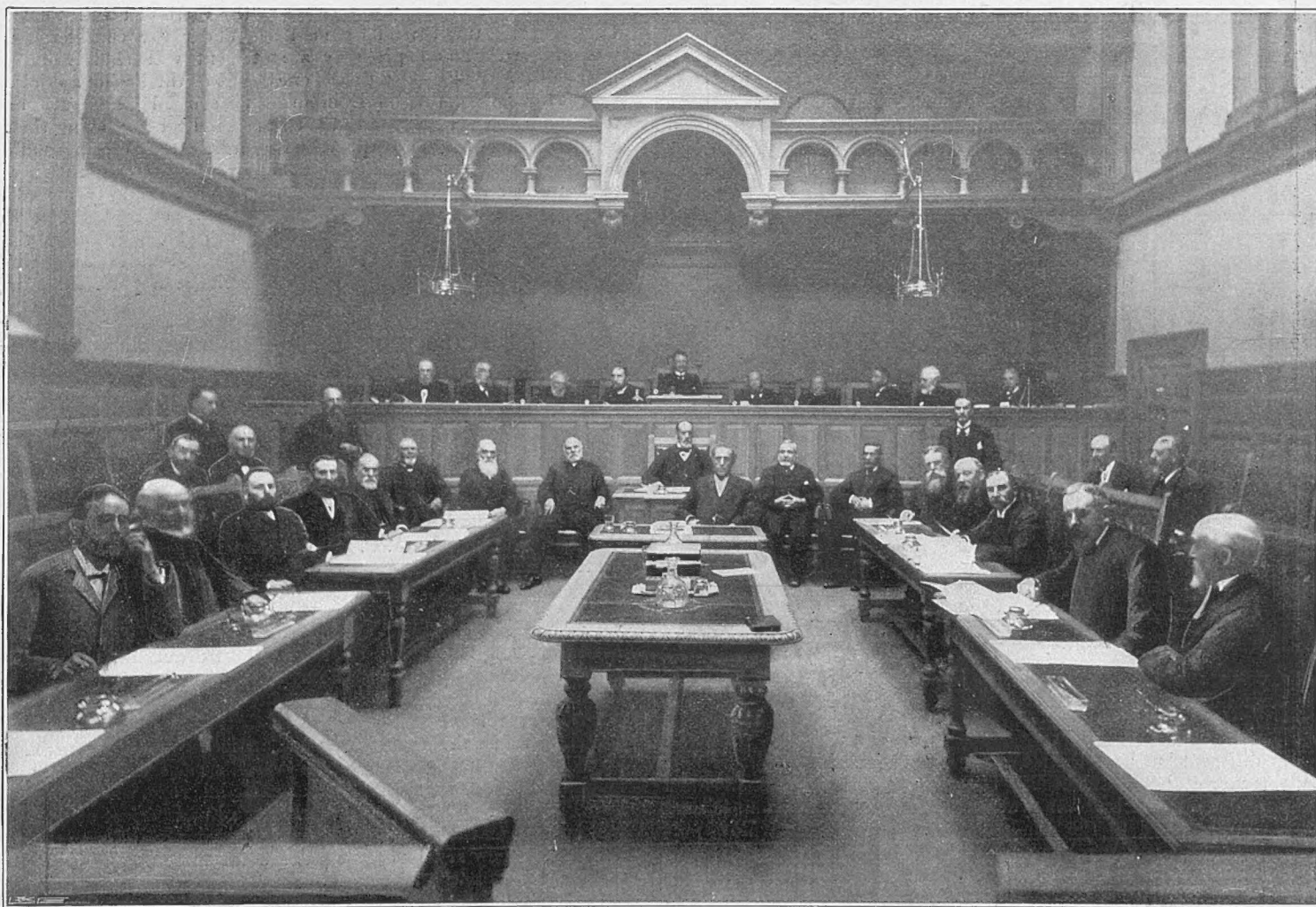
I am not sure that yachtsmen visiting the Riviera during the present season can boast a very pleasant experience. The trouble with the *douaniers* has been lost sight of at the side of the trouble caused by Messrs. Neptune and *Æolus*. A journey across the Bay of Biscay is at few seasons an unmingled pleasure; during the past few weeks it has been as painful an experience as the average man, who is not a good sailor, need covet. Some yachts have put into Nice during the past week bearing unmistakable traces of very bad weather, and their owners and sailing-masters tell stories of very trying times. One would be sorry to see no yachts in the various bays between

Cannes and Mentone—they serve to complete a very pretty picture; but I imagine that some of the gentlemen who are more particular about possessing a yacht than travelling in it over wild waters in January are sorry they did not limit their voyaging to the short two hours' traffic of the "narrow seas" between Dover and Calais or Folkestone and Boulogne. At a season of the year when huge liners, built to defy all the winds of heaven, are treated by the elements with absolutely no respect, yachting leaves much to be desired.

Parliament is on us again. Everybody is familiar with St. Stephen's, but few of my readers, I fancy, have ever seen a picture of Tynwald Court, the House of Keys, in the Isle of Man, which is composed of four-and-twenty members. Acts, after the assent of the Crown, must be proclaimed on Tynwald Hill.



THEY ARE HAVING COLD IN INDIA NOW: SIMLA UNDER SNOW.



THE HOUSE OF KEYS, ISLE OF MAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. WARBURTON DOUGLAS

The Cavalry Dépôt at Canterbury is to be re-established in May next, so that the system, so universally condemned by regimental officers, of enlisting men for corps of Dragoons, Lancers, or Hussars, instead of individual regiments, will have been in existence just two years, and with results the reverse of satisfactory. The system had, from the point of view of officers in home regiments, but one advantage—an advantage not appreciated by officers abroad—in that it allowed them to get rid of their worst men when drafts were required to reinforce regiments on foreign service. So once more Tommy will be allowed to select his regiment, and Canterbury, instead of being the headquarters of a brigade, will again be a Dépôt for the training of the recruits of all cavalry regiments serving in India, Egypt, or South Africa. This is a triumph of *esprit-de-corps* over utilitarian ideas, for it is now admitted on all hands that the system was disastrous both to recruiting and efficiency.

Colonel J. P. Brabazon, C.B., A.D.C., who has been appointed to the command of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Canterbury, is not only a highly popular officer, but a distinguished one as well. For some time he has been unemployed, and his return to active command will be as welcome to his brother officers as to himself. He commanded the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars before his removal from the active list, but commenced his military career in the Grenadier Guards, and served as a volunteer in the Ashanti campaign, afterwards taking part in the Akim expedition. Then, with the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, he served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, afterwards filling various important staff appointments, and accompanying Lord Roberts on his famous march to Candahar as Cavalry Brigade-Major, receiving the medal with four clasps and the bronze decoration. In the Soudan in 1884 he was again with the "Chainy Tenth," and took part with the Light Camel Corps in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and in the operations of the Desert Column. He has been "mentioned" and promoted for services in the field several times. Besides being a gallant soldier, Colonel Brabazon is an accomplished violinist and one of the "Prince's set."

Brigadier-General Macdonald ought to be a fortune to the War Office, for his career has been one long success. The legend goes that he walked into Glasgow with his boots on his back. At any rate, he began as a private in the Gordons, and made his first hit in the Afghan War



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD.

Photo by J. Munro, Dingwall.

twenty years ago. His reward was a second lieutenantancy in 1881. Since then he has risen to the top of the tree, always choosing the substantive reward to mere empty honours. He is just forty-five.

Very different has been the lot of James Osborne, V.C., who is now a stonebreaker at Berkhamstead. The roadmenders were entertained the other day to dinner by some cyclists and others. The Hon. Walter Rothschild subscribed to the fund, and the Countess Brownlow presented each of the roadmenders on the Ashridge estate with a scarlet wool jersey, which added a touch of colour to the scene. Among

the guests was the old soldier I have mentioned, James Osborne, V.C., and he was asked to recount how he won this much-coveted distinction. It appears that in the Boer War of 1881 he was serving as mounted infantryman in the 2nd Northampton Regiment, when, with six of his comrades, he was cut off from the main column. While in this position they were attacked by the Boers, and before they could rejoin the regiment four of their number dropped from their saddles, shot down by the Boer sharpshooters. When Osborne and his two companions reached the regiment, a call was made for volunteers to go and see if any of the fallen men were alive, and, if so, to bring them in. Osborne at once volunteered to go, although he well knew that the deadly aim of the Boers made the undertaking most perilous, but he started on his gallant quest, and successfully brought in one of his comrades. For this daring deed he was awarded the Victoria Cross, which is dated Feb. 22, 1881. A pension of £10 per annum was also given him. This pittance would be of little use, so he ekes out a living by working on the roads. Hence his presence at the Roadmenders' Dinner.



A V.C. MAN WHO IS NOW BREAKING STONES.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

Mr. H. D. Parry's "Record of the Victoria Cross," of which Messrs. Cassell have just issued a new edition, gives the number of decorations awarded during the forty-three years since the institution of the "For Valour" decoration. Half of the crosses have been awarded for acts of gallantry performed in India, no less than 182 having been given for the Indian Mutiny, against 111 for the Crimea. Ten were awarded in connection with the late Indian Frontier campaign, and four for the recent Soudan operations, three of these going to the 21st Lancers. Altogether 429 crosses have been conferred on officers and men of the Army and Navy.

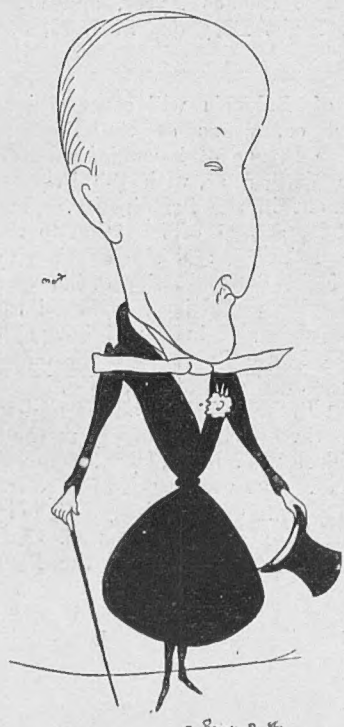
The defences of such waterways as the Firth of Forth, the Clyde, the Humber, and the Bristol Channel are under the consideration of the war authorities, and probably a statement will shortly be made to Parliament. Apparently this is one result of the Fashoda crisis, and the nervous grumbings from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Cardiff, and other towns. Already a scheme has been prepared for improving the defences of the Bristol Channel, and thus safeguarding the Welsh coalfields. It is now recognised that there must be no possibility of the enemy getting to Cardiff or Barry. The proposal is to have strongly armed forts at Lavernock and Barry on the Glamorganshire side, at Brean Down on the Somersetshire coast, and on the island of Steep Holm, in the centre of the Channel, while round another island, Flat Holm, there will be submarine mines. The scheme also includes a powerful search-light thrown from Penarth.

The officials of the Admiralty meet once a year at a smoking-concert—at least, they have done so for three years past—and the gatherings are most successful. This year one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, presided at the Hôtel Cecil, and was supported by several admirals and a score of the chief officials. Mr. A. S. Vaughan, one of the officials, designed the programme, with its sketches of the Old and New Navy—H.M.S. *Victory* and H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign*—of the new and old Admiralty buildings, and the interior of the famous Board-room, with its celebrated oak carvings by Grinling Gibbons. Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, the Naval Attaché of the United States Embassy, who is a general favourite at Whitehall, was present.

The new royal yacht, which will be launched in April next, will be a very handsome ship. Very appropriately, it will have a figure of Britannia, ten feet high, on the starboard quarter, and on the port quarter of the stern will be a figure of Neptune of similar size, while in the centre will be a great shield bearing the royal arms, underneath the rose, shamrock, and thistle being represented, but not the leek. Another shield, bearing the royal arms and surmounted by a crown, will be placed at the bow, and along the vessel's sides will run a mahogany moulding representing a fifteen-inch cable-laid rope, which is being carved by a Plymouth sculptor. Altogether, seven hundred feet of this moulding will be used on the starboard side, and a similar quantity on the port side, so that the new royal yacht will be a far more finely decorated vessel than any of its late predecessors.

How many people, I wonder, ever remember that the Duke of Marlborough, the new Paymaster-General, is also a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and Prince of Mendelheim, in Suabia? These honours were, of course, conferred on the great Duke, who made patriotism pay so well.

If this Session of Parliament prove lively the prophets will be disappointed. At present everyone is predicting a dull Session.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
As Max Beerholm sees him.

Foreign affairs are too delicate for rhetorical controversy, and the Unionists will tire of making sport of "the leaderless Liberals." It is always unsafe, however, to prophesy what is going to happen in the House of Commons. The unexpected happens there more frequently than anywhere else. Even the supposed safety of the Unionists and the helplessness of the Opposition may tempt the former to some rash Parliamentary enterprise. Another element of uncertainty lies in the fact that on one vital problem looming before the politicians Mr. Balfour is out of sympathy with a large number of his followers. At any moment he may be driven to throw up his post. The contingency may seem remote, but it is within the limits of possibility. Some sharp controversies, it is expected, will occur between Liberals on foreign affairs, while in the domestic domain the front Opposition bench will probably take a bolder attitude than in recent years. The Session, indeed, is just one of those which may bring forth strange deeds. I hope it will bring forth also some new notable men. Otherwise, the public interest in its concerns will sink lower even than at present.

Here is an interesting document. It is a pardon, under the hand and seal of the great Napoleon, to a certain soldier.

Jean Dépaup, of the 7th Regiment of the Line, who had been condemned to seven years' detention at the public workshops at Carcassonne for desertion. In consideration, however, of his good conduct there, of which a report had been duly made, at the close of a year the Emperor appointed a Special Council to inquire into the matter, and, on its representation, decided to grant the man a full pardon, and this warrant was accordingly addressed to the Criminal Court at Carcassonne. It furnishes interesting evidence of the manner in which Napoleon endeavoured, and with no small degree of success, to keep all authority and initiative in his own hands, and to exercise a personal control over the smallest details of the administration. The decree for the holding of the Special Council is dated from the Imperial camp at Tilsit, where Napoleon was then engaged in personal negotiations with the Emperor Alexander; nevertheless, in spite of the distance from France, the most unimportant matters had to be referred to him for decision, even such a trifle as the making of new arrangements with the singers at the Opera.

At the present time, when the revision of another military trial is so deeply exciting the whole of France, it is interesting to note that among the members of the Special Council, Murair was included, the first President of the Court of Cassation. The Arch-Chancellor of the Empire was Cambacères, and the Arch-Treasurer Le Brun, who were respectively Second and Third Consul in the days before the Empire was established. Cambacères ranked as the second personage in the Empire after the Princes of the Imperial Family. He had many quaint peculiarities, both of manner and of costume, which excited a good deal of ridicule, much to the annoyance of Napoleon, who was always fearful of being placed in an undignified position through the eccentricities of his Minister. One of his theories was that it was impossible to carry on the government of the country effectively without giving good dinners, and magnificent dinners he gave accordingly, at which the guests were as carefully chosen as the dishes, and to these functions he attributed great political influence. He never allowed his cares as a statesman to interfere with his pleasures as a gourmand, and once, when detained by Napoleon on business of importance—it is said the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was under discussion—he wrote a hasty note and was about to send it to his house, when it was intercepted by the Emperor, who opened it and found the following pathetic message: "Gardez les entremets—les rôtis sont perdus."

When Beugnot was appointed to the Grand Duchy of Berg, in the place of Murat, he has described the solemn way in which Cambacères informed him that he had always been in the habit of receiving two dozen hams in the course of the year from the late Grand Duke, and that, though the Emperor might distribute crowns at his pleasure, he, Cambacères, was not going to be done out of his hams, and that Beugnot had better make the necessary preparations to continue the gift.

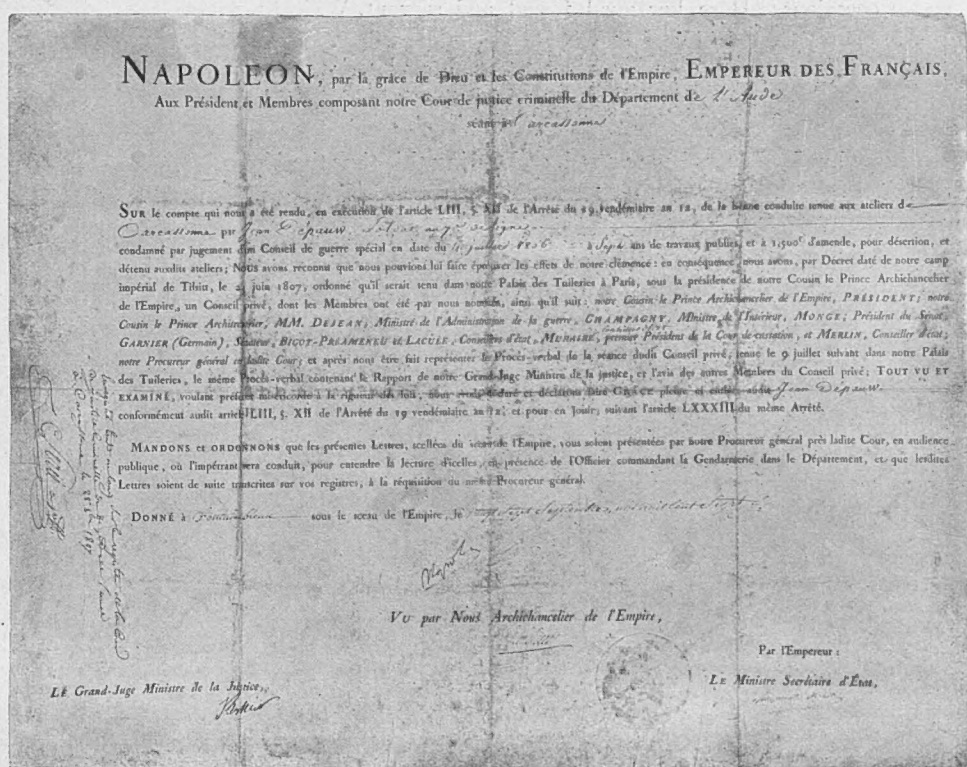
"There is more Cape-Dutch spoken in the University of Edinburgh than Gaelic." This is a striking extract from the report of the Colonial students attending the University of Edinburgh. Under this category are students from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, the West Indies, and India, the number exceeding two hundred and fifty, a figure slightly decreased of late, owing partly to the general thinning of the undergraduate ranks that has arisen in all the older Universities by the increase and growth of the newer ones, and partly to the fact that since the Jameson Raid many of the South Africans have preferred the schools of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. It is interesting to note that the numbers at the medical schools of London have not proportionately diminished. Does this arise from the fact that Dr. Jameson is a Scotchman? A great effort is now being made in academic circles in Edinburgh to found a residential college for the benefit of the Colonial students, the idea springing from a development of that strong Imperial spirit which is rampant in Scotland and which finds its expression in the public speeches of Lord Rosebery, Professor Prothero, and others.

Difficult as it is to believe, the fact remains that a man has just died who had interviewed Goethe. This is the Rev. John Forbes, Emeritus Professor of Oriental Languages at Aberdeen University. On April 16, 1829, John and Francis Forbes and John Stuart Blackie left Aberdeen together for their *Wanderjahre* in Germany and Italy, and it was on Oct. 3 of the same year, while on a walking tour in the former country, that the interview with Goethe took place, the incident being thus put forth in the diary of John Forbes—

This morning we announced ourselves at xi to the great poet of Germany by sending up our cards. We were immediately admitted, and most graciously received. The freshness of Goethe's looks are astonishing, considering that he is now in his eighty-first year. His face is very like what is given in the last portraits of him, his forehead very high and full, his eye clear and penetrating. His demeanour is grave, and has apparently a good deal of that stateliness which has been attributed to him. His stature is rather low, but his figure was quite erect, notwithstanding his years. His face is a good deal marked with small-pox; his grey hairs are combed quite backwards. He spoke about the state of German knowledge in Scotland and England, our Universities, and some other topics, and then let us be announced to his Schwiäger-tochter, whom we found a very pleasant person.

Of the three mentioned here, John Stuart Blackie was born in 1809 and died in 1895, and John Forbes was born in 1802 and died on the last day of January this year. He had been Dean Burgon's tutor at a school in Blackheath seventy years ago.

Prince Sesseri, a nephew of the King of Siam, has been placed under Mr. Wilson Worsdell, at Gateshead, as a private pupil in the North-Eastern Railway works. Prince Boyaradiez, elder brother of Prince Sesseri, has been a pupil for some time in the Elswick works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., where he has been learning the principles of gun-making and shipbuilding. The King of Siam is keenly alive to the advantages of such a training, and in this way English ideas and civilisation will leaven the East.



THIS PARDON TO A DESERTER WAS SIGNED BY THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

Last week I dealt at length with Sir Henry Irving. To-day I give a portrait of his grandson, Laurence (after his uncle and Mr. Toole) Henry (after his grandfather) Forster (after his mother's ancestors) Irving. He



TRILBY AND HER CHILD.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

will be two years old on April 11. His mother is now playing in "A Court Scandal," at the Court Theatre.

Few, comparatively, of London's thousands know that in the centre of the town of Croydon can be seen one of the most interesting and oldest archiepiscopal antiquities known. Three hundred and three years ago, one John Whitgift, the son of a commercial family of Grimsby, ruled the see of Canterbury. Croydon boasted of its verdant village-town in the valley, its church dating back well-nigh to Doomsday era, and its grand palace where Elizabeth was wont to sojourn at stated occasions. Here her good friend and servant, Whitgift, would wait upon her Majesty midst festive gala at the old palace in the valley, afterwards retire for a week's rest and self-denial in the little Hospital he founded upon the hill, and become one of the "poore brethren," taking food and sup with them at one common board.

Three hundred years have passed, and during this time the Home has sheltered always its thirty-seven poor brothers and sisters. No desecrating hand has defaced a stone. It has grown rich, treasure has accumulated, and the funds have reared in the North End a stately pile for education suited to the taste of a prince. The little Homes, the quiet quadrangle, and the oratory still remain in their pristine state, but the burning question in the mind of Croydonians and antiquarians is now, "Shall this ancient gift of Whitgift to Croydon and Lambeth, the pride of the town, be desecrated?" Already the leading men of Croydon are arising to prevent the spoiling of Whitgift's Homes. His body lies in the parish church; his picture and motto are to be seen in the chapel of the Hospital.

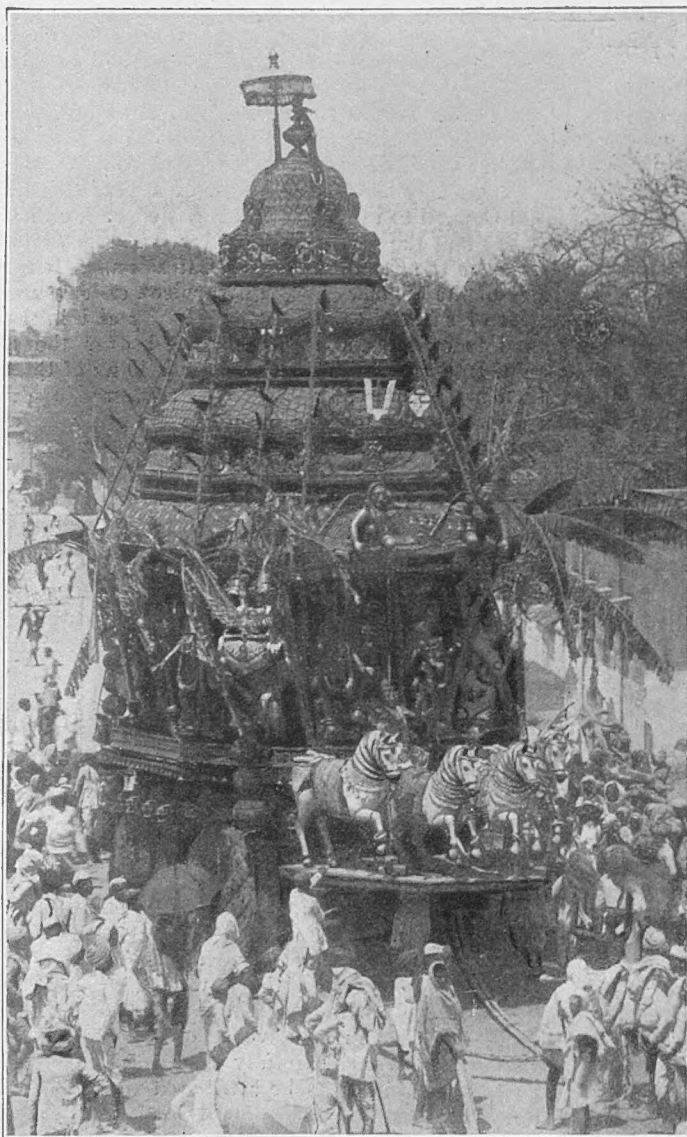
The dismissal of Hu-Yu-Fen from the post of Chief Director of Northern Railways in China is due to the foreign sympathies by which he was inspired. During the long period he held office as a director of railways in China and as Governor of Peking, he consistently discountenanced all schemes of a dubious character. The fall of Hu does not promise well for those who have interests in Chinese railways of an official kind, as the rapid degradation of the few able or honest officials in the Government service places the direction of affairs in the hands of creatures of the Tsung-li-Yamen or of the Dowager-Empress.

By the death of Sir Francis Clare Ford in Paris, English diplomacy loses one of its most decorative members. He was in no sense a brilliant Ambassador, nor a particularly imposing one, but he plodded along the even tenor of his way. He was a scholar, he travelled widely,

and, through his faculty for quiet observation, he had gained a mature experience of the world when he was little more important than a Secretary of Legation. His gentleness of character was his drawback, as he never blustered or hectorated. Had he impressed his colleagues with a sharper sense of his own resolution, it is possible that he might have been a really great envoy. As Ambassador, he served at Madrid, Constantinople, and Rome, from which he retired in ill-health in 1898. He was also Attaché at Munich, Paris, Vienna, Lisbon, Copenhagen, Washington, St. Petersburg, Buenos Ayres, and other places. He was a cornet in the 4th Light Dragoons in 1846, and sold out in 1851.

The sudden death of the Princess of Bulgaria will cause serious complications in the already unsettled conditions of the Balkans. The death of the Princess deprives the Prince of his chief adviser, and is a loss which will be felt by the Vatican, as, with the Princess at Sofia, the Papacy had a strong lodgment in the Principality. The supineness of their ruler was a constant source of irritation to the Bulgarians. This was realised by the Princess, and she strove very earnestly to instil into his policy some of the determination of her own strong nature. The Princess Marie Louise would have achieved the future independence of the kingdom, while, alone, her husband is incapable of accomplishing this ambition. Princess Marie Louise was the eldest daughter of the ex-Duke Robert of Parma, and of his first wife, Maria Pia of Bourbon-Naples. She was born at Rome in 1870, and married in 1893. She was short, with the features of the Bourbons strongly marked. She was an excellent linguist. Her children were Boris, Cyril, Eudoxia, and the newly born daughter, Clementine. She was married five years, and when her husband ignored her supplications, and had their heir, Boris, re-christened according to the Orthodox Church, she took Cyril and left Bulgaria, it was thought, for good. By the aid of the Pope peace was effected in six months.

I have just received this picture of a Juggernaut-car. Jagannatha in Hindu mythology is a name given to Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. There is a famous idol of this deity at Puri in Orissa. It is a rudely carved wood image, of which the body is red, the face black,



JAGANNATH CAR AT BURDRABARE, NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

and the arms gilt. The mouth is open and red, as if covered with blood, and the eyes are formed of precious stones. The pilgrims who go to the shrine pull the idol on a car. Long ago the devotees used to throw themselves beneath the wheels to be crushed to death, as they believed that this would transport them to heaven.

This orange-and-white Persian cat possesses the unusual accomplishment of "retrieving" pieces of meat or other small articles, running after them and bringing them back repeatedly to be thrown again.

It was the energies of Mr. Alfred Praga that we had to thank, in a very great measure, for the recent revival of miniature-painting, and,



A PERSIAN CAT THAT RETRIEVES.

though he is also well known as a capital painter of portraits in oils, he has elected to come before us in his first "one-man show" with an exhibition of "Small Portrait Drawings," and a very pretty show it now is, in the Graves Galleries in Pall Mall. His earliest companions were paper and pencil, and it was always his ambition to be an artist; but his parents thought differently, and though his father (an eminent dentist) loved his son, he also needed a successor and an assistant, and to this end Alfred was educated. But, like another Alfred, his will was strong, and every spare minute and penny was spent at an art-school.

Later on, he was sent to Paris, to continue his medical studies; but there matters became even worse, for he spent all his days in the Louvre, so he was recalled to his hospital course in London. With characteristic foresight, young Praga saw that these studies would eventually aid him in his art, so he worked at them steadily all day, and spent his evenings at Heatherley's Art School in Newman Street, and ere he had graduated he had the joy of seeing a picture of his accepted and hung in Piccadilly. Fired by this success, he took a studio—a very modest one, in Marylebone Road—and though perforce he was obliged to attend to his patients all day, after professional hours he made a bee-line for his cave. Commissions came slowly but surely, in wholesome ones and twos, and soon he threw the frock-coat of medicalism to the wind, took a studio in Kensington, and donned the velvet coat and loose tie of Bohemia and beloved of all artists. His studio in Holland Park Road was once the home of Mr. Edward Schmalz, but, before many years were over, Mr. Praga also outgrew it, and he now lives and works at the beautiful old place known as "The Grey House."

Frequent allusion has been made to the diminutive proportions of St. Michael's Church, Brecon, in which Madame Patti became Baroness Cederström. There is a much smaller sacred edifice, however, than that at Brecon, and the village of Lullington, in Sussex, can boast of possessing the smallest church in England. This miniature church, only about sixteen feet square, is large enough, it seems, for the district where it is situated. It stands upon the site of the chancel of a building reared in mediæval times, and destroyed during the Cromwellian struggles. The belfry of this interesting

edifice is more ornamental than serviceable, the birds being never disturbed in their possession. The building accommodates only between thirty and forty worshippers, and the ordinary-sized pulpit completely dwarfs the scanty sitting-room.

It will be thirty-one years on the 29th of July next since Madame Patti was married to the Marquis de Caux in a Roman Catholic Chapel at Clapham. The Empress Eugénie's brilliant young equeury was already known to the young lady, whose lovely voice and engaging presence were, despite her youth, familiar in every European capital; but it was not until Patti fulfilled an eight months' engagement in Paris that the acquaintanceship ripened into friendship, and ultimately into affection on both sides. The story goes that at last the lady proposed; but of its truth who shall speak?

For some time after the engagement was announced matters did not go smoothly, and presently Papa Patti "broke it off," on the ground of incompatibility of station. The pair adopted all manner of devices for meeting without the knowledge of the stern parent, and after a time the lady, who was now five-and-twenty, informed her father that, whether he liked or not, she intended to marry the man of her choice. Seeing that resistance was useless, Signor Patti capitulated. The wedding took place on July 29, 1868. Father Plunkett and several other priests officiated, and Adelina Patti's witnesses were the then Duke of Manchester and Sir Michael Costa. The bridesmaids were Mdle. Rita di Candia (Mario's daughter), Miss Alezandrine Zanzi, Miss Maria Harris, and Mdle. Lauw, who was for many years the bride's *dame de compagnie*. The Marquise de Caux wore a perfectly plain white satin dress from Worth's, and a wreath of orange-blossoms.

The accompanying photograph is that of a rude stone cross which stands on the top of Ilkley Moor, in Yorkshire. It is said to have been erected by the old family of Middleton, who once lived at Middleton Lodge, an old, interesting house situated about four miles away, and tradition tells that the family, being devout Roman Catholics, used to pray at the foot of this cross every morning, foul or fair, winter or summer, the whole year through.



CROSS ON ILKLEY MOOR.

Photo by C. F. Shaw.

The Chair of Ancient History which is to be founded in the University of Edinburgh, through the munificence of the late Sir William Fraser, the distinguished archaeologist, will place the University in a unique position among British Universities, inasmuch as it will be able to boast now of having four Chairs of History, the other three being those of Constitutional History, Church History, and Modern History. But even this leaves us a long way behind many of the Universities of Germany, where it is not uncommon to find six or seven lecturers on History in an institution much smaller than even our smaller Universities.

In answer to several correspondents, I may say that the striking photograph of "Splash Point, Eastbourne," was taken from a point on the pier just inside the entrance, with a twelve by ten camera projecting through the railings. The wind was blowing so furiously that the assistant could scarcely hold the supports upright, until a friendly lady spectator came to the rescue. When the focussing-screen was opened, to enable the dark slide to be put in, the wind got inside instead, and so distended the bellows that the photographer, Mr. Bourne, was for some moments in doubt whether he was handling a camera or a balloon. Shortly afterwards an enormous wave dashed against the sea-wall, and Mr. Bourne, seizing the psychological moment, was able to get an instantaneous picture while the spray was at its very highest. The operators were more than once in serious danger of being swept away, but the camera sustained no damage.

An example of the short memory of the public concerning writers of some distinction in their day has been furnished by the fact that, while the death of Mrs. A. D. Cupples, which occurred at Mossiel, New Zealand, last November, was duly chronicled in the obituary columns of some of the Northern papers, no one at the time seemed to be aware that she was the widow of George Cupples. Now this intelligence comes from America, and it may be recalled that Mrs. Cupples, like her husband—the author of "The Green Hand," a work that occasioned much appreciative talk in its day, and a contributor to *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*—was herself a writer of books. These were chiefly intended for children, and appeared in their original form in "Good Words for the Young." It is barely eight years since George Cupples passed away.



MR. ALFRED PRAGA.

Photo by Paul Laib, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

This striking picture has been constructed by the *New York Herald* to show the towering qualities of American architecture. Beginning from the left, you get the Washington Monument at Washington, 555 ft.; Trinity Church, New York, 288 ft.; Grant's Tomb; the Capitol,



BIG BUILDINGS COMPARED.
Reproduced from the "New York Herald."

Washington, 287½ ft.; Paul Rew Buildings, New York, 390 ft.; the Paris Wheel, 305 ft.; and the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* (stood on end), 649 ft. As a background, you have the Great Pyramid, 450 ft.

A correspondent writes from Barcelona—

This is the headquarters of disaffection to the powers that be in Spain. I have ascertained that there are no less than twenty-eight thousand Anarchists here at present. They have innumerable clubs, which are closed from time to time in obedience to direct orders from headquarters, but immediately reopen under another name. The fact is, many of the police are themselves affiliated to Anarchist societies. Their pay is only two pesetas (1s. 3d. at the present rate of exchange) per diem, and, as that is very irregularly paid, the struggle for life undermines their independence. This used to be a stronghold of Republicanism, but now the Republicans have nearly all joined either the Anarchist or the Socialist camp. It is still, however, a stronghold of Carlism, one of whose leaders tells me that, in this town alone, there are twelve thousand men ready to take the field for Don Carlos at a moment's notice. Great zeal is being displayed by the authorities against the Carlists, but it is generally the most innocent members of the party who are persistently shadowed and persecuted, while those who mean business are ignorantly ignored. Several Carlists, notably one of the editors of the *Correo Español*, their Madrid daily, have been imprisoned for weeks in the most arbitrary manner without being informed of any definite accusation against them. It is even whispered that they have been tortured, but on this point it is impossible to speak positively. Meanwhile, the most open propaganda goes on unchecked. A photographer here told me that he had sold ten thousand copies of one photograph of Don Carlos within the last few weeks. In the kiosks on the Rambla tear-off calendars are sold, having a large coloured portrait of Don Carlos waving his flag, with the old war-legend, "Dios, Patria, Rey." Meanwhile, all parties are agreed that, if arms and munitions sufficient for twenty thousand men can be smuggled in, Don Carlos has only to land in Catalonia in order to have an easy walk-over to Madrid. The state of the defences here is rotten beyond description, and on the occasion of Don Alfonso's name-day (Jan. 23) there was not even enough powder for the usual salutes. Four English Jacobites are now at Barcelona, and their presence is arousing the curiosity of the police, particularly as these amateur conspirators are known to have letters from Don Carlos to the local leaders.

The Parisians are in alarm for the fate of the great parks that surround their city, which the State threatens to sell piecemeal for town lots, to eke out the budget. Better, they think, sell the useless Crown Jewels in the Louvre. These magnificent wooded tracts are at once the ornament and the lungs of Paris. They furnish oxygen to the city, and they are the scene of the labourer's Sunday promenade. Most of them, as a surplus, have historical associations—Rambouillet, St. Cloud, Marly,



A FAMILY PARTY.

are names to conjure by—and no one with the pride of his country at heart could wish to see them covered with card houses and kitchen-gardens.

The park of which there is immediate question is Villeneuve-l'Étang, lying adjacent to St. Cloud. It surrounds a little château, which, though without pretension, is not without its interest. M. Pasteur, to whom the State lent it, made here some of his most interesting experiments, but this is not its sole claim to attention. Here passed the honeymoon of Napoleon III. and Eugénie, following a little adventure perhaps not very widely known. The Imperial marriage took place at St. Cloud, where it was understood that the pair would remain. But these two had no idea of parading their romance before the Court. Napoleon had secretly had prepared the Château of Villeneuve-l'Étang, in the heart of the forest, and there, on the night of their marriage, he brought the Empress, in a phaeton which he drove himself, alone and without suite, like two eloping lovers, leaving the Court to find out the flight for themselves next morning. This charming escapade would, in past centuries, have made the château a place of pilgrimage, but it is known to a democratic world that an Emperor's romance is no different from another's, and, if the wood is sacrificed, the château will go without regret.

The decorating of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross was a complete success, and attracted a constant stream of sightseers for many days last week. And thereby the man in the street had his historical sense either created or quickened. The modern Jacobite movement is picturesque, and nobody takes a keener interest in the Stuarts than our Queen herself.



IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRED MONARCH.

The appearance of the fourth volume of the Verney Memoirs reminds one of the beginning of the set. In 1858 Frances Parthenope Nightingale, sister of Florence Nightingale, became, as wife of Sir Harry Verney, mistress of Claydon House, with its mingled magnificence and poverty of appointment. "We breakfasted," she has said, "off invaluable old Worcester china, but there was not a basin or ewer unbroken or fit to use; there were hoards of old silks and beautiful stuffs in the closets, but hardly a chair-cover in decent order all over the house." In rummaging about she came across "numerous portraits stacked in outhouses, one of them being fastened over a hole to keep out rats." In a garret she found a collection of papers marked "Private letters of importance." But she did not destroy them. A forgotten wainscotted gallery, some forty feet long, at the top of the house, she discovered to be "filled with boxes on trestles containing bundles of letters, acres of parchments, charters, and pardons with the seals attached, account-books, and rent-rolls—dating from the time of Henry VII.—some touched by damp, others gnawed by rats." Lady Verney soon realised the priceless nature of her discoveries, and from 1858 onward till her death in 1890 she made it her life-work to interpret and arrange these papers. The fourth volume has been done by the present mistress of Claydon.

To-day Claydon House forms one of the most habitable as well as historically interesting of the stately homes of England; but, besides containing memories of some sixteen generations since the time of Henry VII., it will be remembered in future as one of the homes of Florence Nightingale, for she has stayed there weeks and months together with her sister, a victim to rheumatism and arthritis. Of the heroine of Scutari there are many mementoes within and without the house. In the grounds are several cypress-trees grown from cones which she herself collected when she was at Scutari. There is a beautiful marble bust of her in the hall. Among her presents scattered through the house is a large, handsome marble vase. Her own rooms are situated on the south side of the house, overlooking the beautiful chapel, and, of course, contain many private treasures, such as crayon and water-colour drawings of herself and her sister when they were children at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Embley, in Hampshire.

The accompanying photograph hardly does justice to the wonderful sampler which it represents. The story depicted is that of the temptation of Adam by Eve, the pair being worked in more or less lifelike fashion. Above them is the apple-tree, Adam and his consort being supported on some marvellous plants. A couple of guardian angels, two quadrupeds, and various fowls help to complete the picture, which, according to a faded worsted inscription, is the achievement of "Elizabeth Gray, aged 12. May 3rd, 1836." Over this are the five lines from Scripture beginning with, "And when the woman saw that the tree was good."



ADAM AND EVE IN A SAMPLER.

It appears that a grammatical controversy is at present disturbing the peace of mind of some literary minds in America. It is an old, old controversy, and questions the right of "but" to be considered a preposition under any circumstances. "Methinks that no one should be sad but I," wrote Shakspeare; and the point is, was Shakspeare right? The *Daily Chronicle*, which has unearthed the controversy, declares Shakspeare to be wrong; "we put our money," says that paper, "on Mrs. Hemans," and quotes Mrs. Hemans thus—

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled.

I also put my money on Mrs. Hemans—and on Shakspeare too; merely pointing out to the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* that Mrs. Hemans wrote—

Whence all but he had fled.

There seems to be really little doubt that all the earlier writers whose practice is held to make a custom classical regarded "but" as a conjunction used under such circumstances as these in an ellipsis; as—whence all had fled—but he (had not fled); or, methinks that no one should be sad—but I (am sad). Milton, I am pretty sure—most correct and careful in his construction—never uses the objective form after "but," and the Bible is not only uniform in this practice, but even indulges in a nominative form after "save," which has since been discountenanced, however, with sufficient completeness. If the *Daily Chronicle* would like a really good suggestion for a grammatical controversy, let it consider Newman's phrase: "It is to John Wesley you must go and to such as him." Should Newman have written, "to such as he?"

This thick green-glass bottle, which stands ten inches high, has survived nearly four generations. Its owner was Walter MacLae (a Glasgow merchant, who flourished in the middle of last century and was the ancestor of the MacLaes of Cathkin), and it was fashioned in 1765. It was probably the work of the Glasgow Bottle-Work Company, whose factory was situated at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, from 1730 to 1779. First, a lump of the molten metal was taken from the glowing furnace;



THIS BOTTLE IS 134 YEARS OLD.

then this lump was blown, through the exertion of the operative's lungs, into a bottle-mould by means of a long iron pipe, the red-hot bottle seeming to swell up with as much ease as when a child blows up soap-bubbles. When properly shaped, the bottle was then finished off by fixing a little protuberance to the end of the neck, and sometimes, as in the photograph, a seal was affixed, on which was stamped the name of the person for whom the bottle was made. The bottle was next deposited in a part of the furnace where there was a gentle heat, and there gradually cooled off. It was then ready for use.

I do not believe that future audiences will endorse the unfavourable verdict of the first night upon Mascagni's new Japanese opera (writes one of my contributors from Milan).

Perhaps the very novelty of the theme and its treatment took the Milanese by surprise, for the second representation drew a very crowded house, and encores were the order of the hour from the beginning to the end of the evening. Mascagni was not present on either occasion, but,

in Signor Arthur Toscanini, La Scala has one of the best conductors the theatre has known, and the rendering left nothing to be desired. The old Japanese legend of the Iris, upon which the story is founded, has been very prettily treated, and I venture to say that no opera in modern times has been better treated in the way of mounting and dressing.

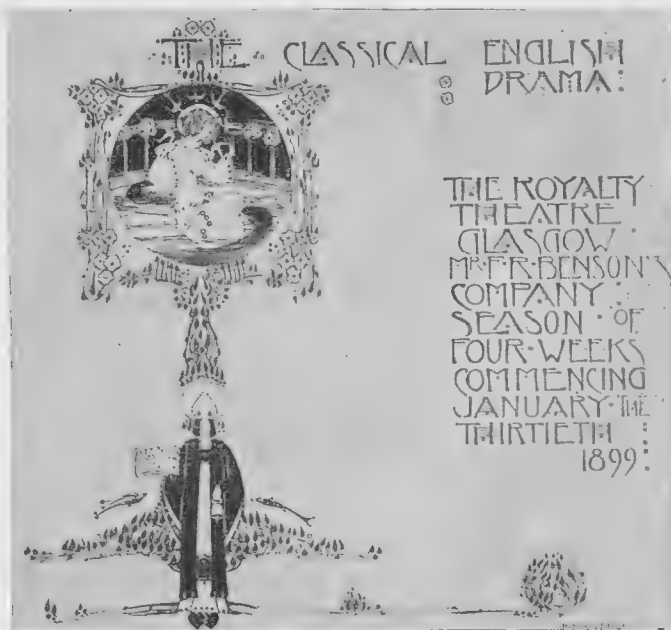
I have just received a curious organ called the *Island of Cuba Magazine*, which is printed in English and in Spanish. The editor's English may be judged from the notice that accompanies it—

We beg leave to make you know that, after a few years of careful preparation, we have resolved to publish a new monthly periodical, named the *Island of Cuba Magazine*, edited in English and Spanish, and principally devoted to technical progress in intertropical countries. . . . There is no narrow political criticism in it, being a true cosmopolitan periodical where all honest opinions find place. Notwithstanding, one of its greatest purposes, as it is natural, is to work in an efficient and practical way in the benefit of this Country, and for this reason there are coming from our press, incorporated to this publication, the Monthly Bulletin of the Cuban Patriotic Society, and the analogous one of the Cuban Commercial and Industrial Institute.

I think that in this marriage announcement there is a ready-made valentine. The only defect seems that the name of the clergyman should have been "Dart" instead of Gentles.

LOVE—HART.—At Deanside, Paisley, on 23rd inst., by the Rev. Thomas Gentles, D.D., minister of the First Charge of the Abbey, ROBERT LOVE, Hartney, Manitoba, son of the late William Fulton Love, Geilsland, Beith, to CHARLOTTE, daughter of GEORGE HART, Procurator-Fiscal of Renfrewshire at Paisley.

The design for the programme of a series of performances of classical comedy and drama, which Mr. F. R. Benson is giving under



A MODEL THEATRE-PROGRAMME.

distinguished patronage in Glasgow, has been executed by Miss Jessie King, a member of the Glasgow School of Art, whose designs for Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" recently won for her a silver medal at South Kensington.

This extract from a letter received from an old Liverpool man now in Brisbane is of interest—

Richard Le Gallienne is no stranger to me. For, while you were enjoying his companionship, he was projecting across the broad oceans that lie between us an invisible presence, somewhat attenuated by distance, to be sure, but still most potent, and cheering my social solitude with his lovely thought. Indeed, we are old friends, although he does not know it, and I never knew his name until I saw it on the title-page of one of his books. It is curious to me, and it will be interesting to you to know, how I first made acquaintance with his works. It will reveal to you my benighted condition when I tell you that I had never heard of him till quite lately. One evening I was over at the library with my boy Walter, my constant companion, and while he searched among the shelves for the "Coral Island" or "Don Quixote," or some such work as our souls once delighted in, I picked up a book bearing the superscription of Richard Le Gallienne, and, glancing at the frontispiece, stood amazed to see a face I seemed to recognise—the portrait of the author—older, thinner, sadder, as though more than the "sorrow of others" had laid its burden upon him, but still the same face I had marked among the crowd at Liverpool, as "in it," but not "of it," perhaps ten years ago. You call him a London poet, but I will swear to him as a Liverpool resident of ten years ago. I can see the youth even now, as I have often watched him from the office-windows, marching past with Tenhysonian cloak and hat, a profusion of dark curly hair, and a bundle of books hugged closely under his arm as though they were sentient beings. I never knew him except as one of the throng, but his appearance, walking briskly along, or flattening his nose against the booksellers' shop-windows as he lovingly scanned some rare edition, always attracted my attention. So you may imagine my joy at coming across his portrait in this far-away desert land—like meeting an old friend on Juan Fernandez—and with what eagerness I seized upon his works, and how keenly I have enjoyed them. The topographical position of the bookshop of Narcissus is almost an open secret to me; I think I could find my way without much trouble to the Seventh-Story Heaven.

JEANNE BRAS: A BALLAD OF SORROW.

"Jeanne Bras! Jeanne Bras! arise and let me in;
 Jeanne Bras! Jeanne Bras! will you awake?"
*"Now who comes so late at my door, her way to win,
 Who knocks thus my slumbering to break?"*

"Oh! it is your child who is ill with bitter woe!
 So open to her the bolted door."
*"I had a child, but she left me long ago.
 I pray you to trouble me no more."*

"Oh! one stands here—she is weary unto death,
 Beaten with the wind and with the rain."
*"The child I bore I shall curse with dying breath,
 And so your knocking is in vain."*

"Your child is here, with her bowed and humbled head
 Grown grey while yet its years are green."
*"My child had hair gold as a silkworm's thread,
 She held it as high as a queen."*

"One cries here, and her lips, so sad and white,
 Still call you in a daughter's name."
*"My child's mouth bore a smile of fond delight;
 They never had pleaded of shame."*

"One weeps here: in her eyes joy's flame is stilled,
 And she on her mother doth cry."
*"My child's eyes with God's innocence were filled,
 And pure with the blue of His sky."*

"Here is your child; her weak and weary feet
 Have led her to her mother's door."
*"My child stole from my side all gladly fleet;
 I tell you to trouble me no more."*

"O mother, mother! a little babe I bring;
 I pray you rise and let us through."
*"On my child's hand was set no wedding-ring;
 I shall not open unto you."*

"Oh, cruel you are! Unforgiving to your child:
 Sorrow and shame make her appeal."
*"Did she think of me when a stranger came and smiled?
 She went like a dog to his heel!"*

"A priest! A priest I pray you bring to me;
 Unchurched and unshriven am I."
*"As you went, you shall go, unblessed to be.
 Why do you linger here to cry?"*

"A priest! A priest! My little dying boy!
 Unchristened and unholy he lies."
*"Accurst your sorrow, accurst your joy,
 Begone! I will answer not your cries."*

Jeanne Bras, Jeanne Bras, she rose up with the dawn,
 And flung off the bolt and the chain.
 The first thing she rested her hot eyes upon
 Was the child who had called her in vain.

The next thing she saw was the babe, all so white,
 Lying cold on its cold mother's breast.
 Each face bore the tears of its pitiful plight—
 They lay in their sleeping unblest.

Jeanne Bras, Jeanne Bras, she laid them side by side,
 All in their cold and silent bed;
 Then she knelt by their grave, and all bitterly she cried
 Till the stars trembled forth overhead.

Now they lay all cold and they lay all still
 Till the night of the third long day;
 Then they rose in their grave-clothes, all stiff and chill,
 And back to her door made their way.

"Jeanne Bras! Jeanne Bras! arise and let us through;
 Jeanne Bras! Jeanne Bras! will you awake?"
*"Oh glad, sweet ghost, will I free my door to you,
 And pray your forgiveness to take!"*

Jeanne Bras arose, and she lit her taper bright,
 And her door she did set open wide:
 She heard a young child go crying in the night,
 But never a one was outside.

She prayed till dawn, and wept the lone, long day;
 Weary she laid her down to rest:
 There came to her door a ghost all pale and grey,
 A babe lying cold on her breast.

"Jeanne Bras! Jeanne Bras! give shelter! Oh, awake!
 Chill we are, and bitter is our woe."
*"O child, dear child, your mother's heart doth break,
 While cold and unsheltered you go!"*

She rose up straight, and bright her taper shone
 As she opened the door so wide;
 But, alas! to her grief the woeful ghost had gone,
 And never a one was outside.

Jeanne Bras, so pale, she mounted up her stair,
 And no tear did she now let fall;
 But she laid her down on her pallet hard and bare,
 And her white face she turned to the wall.

She lay there all night, she lay the day through,
 And never a word spoke she,
 Till there came with the dark a sad weeping she knew
 The cry of her daughter to be.

She tossed to the left, she tossed to the right,
 The sound could not stifle or still;
 She heard the loud wail of a woman's sad plight,
 And a babe in its agony shrill.

Again she rose up with her taper aflame,
 And the great door all soon she unbarred.
 She called through the night on her lost daughter's name
 As she went to the green churchyard.

Feeble she was and all old with her years,
 By her child's grave she bent her white head;
 And her poor heart it broke with the burden of tears,
 And she lay there as cold as the dead.

Her ghost it still walks through the dark hours of night;
 She sighs with the grief of the wind;
 She holds in her hand a wax taper all white,
 She seeks what she never will find.



[Photo by Madame Lullie Guret-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.]

MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE AS ANNUNZIATA IN "THE JEST," AT THE CRITERION.

She entertains a hopeless affection for the hero of the play, Cesare, though promised by her mother to the Madonna.

SOME ANCIENT COATS-OF-ARMS.

The shield-supporting animals—"mostly pagan, I fear," as Mr. Pecksniff remarked—whose effigies crown the gate-posts of ancestral halls, as also of halls not ancestral, evidencing, with more or less of truth, the antiquity or valour of the dwellers therein, are the heraldic descendants of totem-posts or veritable family-trees, found among Red Indians and other barbaric folk. Therefore the unlucky burning of one or more of these interesting relics at Fort Wrangel, in Alaska, photographs of which



WHALE TOTEM USED BY UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AS A "CLOTHES-HORSE."

Photo by W. F. Bailey, Dublin.

discover or invent. And the significance lies in the words with which a Micmac legend begins: "In the olden time men were as animals, and animals as men; how this was no one knows." For in early barbaric thought there was no dividing line between living things, a fact to which, only on more assured ground, modern science bears witness, the vague guesses of the past thus having confirmation from the certainties of the present.

The barbaric idea carried with it belief in the descent of the tribe from some beast or bird, fish, or even insect, and, since the savage also saw no dividing line between the living and non-living, in descent from the great sun himself or a wayside stone. The ancestor from whom descent was thus traced was his "totem" or "otem," a corruption of the Algonkin *dothaim*, meaning "clan-mark." The Haidas believed in their descent from the crow; the Chippewyan totem is the dog, for which reason that tribe would not make the creature a beast of burden; while the Delawares were as proud of their tortoise world-bearing ancestor as our old nobility of their forefathers' arrival here in the Conqueror's retinue. Among some Australian blackfellows, the word "kobong," meaning "friend" or "protector," is the generic term for the animal or plant from which descent is claimed. Now, this remarkable belief in the totem, or "kobong," the range of which is world-wide, both in time and space—traces of it in these islands

and other civilised parts of the globe having been discovered—affects the life of the savage constantly and deeply. And, notably, in three ways—(1) In worship of the totem; (2) in abstaining from eating the totemic animal or plant; (3) in forbidding, with the severest penalties against transgressors, marriage between persons of the same totem; that is, having the same name, and wearing or using the same crest.

Then theories of transmigration enter into the general idea, the Moquis, for example, believing that after death they live in the form of their totemic animals, those of the deer family becoming deer, of the bear becoming bears, and so forth. Hence, too, the respect paid to the cries of animals and the songs of birds, since it is argued that that which is



A TOTEM-POLE AT FORT WRANGEL.

Photo by W. F. Bailey, Dublin.

akin to man must have communion with him. The subject neighbours itself to a number of others in directions which cannot be followed in this outline, but, obviously, has its chief importance in the three customs noted above. As to the first-named, it here suffices to say that the

worship of animals has its source or impetus in the attribution of some spirit or power incarnate in them, which, for the time being, puts them on a higher plane than man, for whom dread of a thing exists in the degree that the thing is unknown.

The properties of stimulating to frenzy, or of soothing as narcotics, or of healing or poisoning, which certain plants possess, would foster like belief in them, as among the Ojibways, who believe that the god of the buffalo-grass causes madness, and among the Algonkin, who credit the corn, the tobacco, and other plants with indwelling spirits. The reluctance to eat the totem, overcome only by threatening starvation, when the animal's pardon is asked, and propitiatory sacrifices offered at the slaughter, is probably the parent of the division of foods into clean and unclean ruling many an obscure custom, and explaining many a prejudice, as that, for example, against eating the hare, which Cæsar speaks of as prevailing in Britain in his time, when our forefathers were so primitive.

As for the barbaric "Table of Kindreds and Affinities," no more here can be said than that when a man, say, of the Eagle totem, marries a woman, say, of the Turtle totem, the children take their mother's name, which, of course, forbids their marrying Turtles, and thus the custom of wedding outside the tribe (exogamy) goes on in ever-widening circles.

The totem-poles represent the clan-crests of those living in the house outside which they are fixed, and, as families of different totems sometimes dwell together, the poles offer strange mixtures of figures. The destruction of the poles at Fort Wrangel is regrettable; but, fortunately, other groups in Alaska survive, notably that at Fort Tongas; and, pictorially, the totem is with us in the ornamented bows of canoes, which have their representative survivals in the figure-heads of ships. And its influence may be traced in the great animal-mounds of North America, in the grave-posts of the Australian continent, in tattooing, and in tribal communication through picture-writing. The Korean totem, of which an illustration is here given, is doubtless a boundary-god, one of the great company of deities among whom Terminus held high place.



GUARDIAN OF THE WAY, COREA.



THIS HOUSE AND TOTEM AT FORT WRANGEL HAVE UNFORTUNATELY BEEN DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Photo by G. H. Bailey.

For the proud Jupiter shared his home on the Capitol with the Roman god of highways and landmarks, and vainly did the foreign interlopers strive to displace Terminus. For the benefit of stay-at-homes, it may be added that a fine pair of Haida totem-poles, depicting the bear and the killer-whale, is to be seen at the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Oxford. Altogether, the study of totems is one of the most fascinating sides of folk-lore.

EDWARD CLODI.

GENUINE v. BOGUS MODERN COATS-OF-ARMS.

As the totem-pole placed outside the hut of the Red Indian indicates the family or clan to which those dwelling within belong, so modern Coats-of-Arms indicate the family and descent of their lawful possessors, and are the true index of gentility in the proper acceptance of that word.

That the science of heraldry at no remote date lay for some time under a cloud, owing to the wholesale and unauthorised assumption of armorial insignia, and other abuses which had crept in, cannot be gainsaid, but, during recent years, a very healthy revival in favour of the rightful bearing of Arms has taken place, and not least among those who have fostered and aided in bringing this about is Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, the third edition of whose "Armorial Families" has just been published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh.

Those who have previously been accustomed to use and consult the earlier editions of this book, all the time hurling anathemas upon its unwieldy bulk and size (for it could give points in this respect to that faithful friend and companion of every schoolboy, Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon), will now find all changed. The new volume is much handier in size, and contains the illustrations interspersed in the letterpress, instead of, as before, in a separate section.

The average man is usually ready to swear that he cares nothing about armorial bearings. For such sentiments, if consistently carried out and adhered to, it is possible to feel respect. It is otherwise, however, when, as is frequently the case, it is subsequently found that this very individual is using a Crest and Coat-of-Arms to which he is in no way entitled, either having assumed them haphazard or had them "found" for a small fee by some "heraldic" stationer. It is humbug of this sort on which Mr. Fox-Davies strongly animadverts, and the particular value of "Armorial Families," and its real *raison d'être*, lies in the fact that a glance at its pages reveals whether anyone mentioned therein is properly entitled to the Arms he uses, the Editor undertaking that "every entry not in italics is that of a genuinely armigerous person, thus dividing the sheep from the goats."

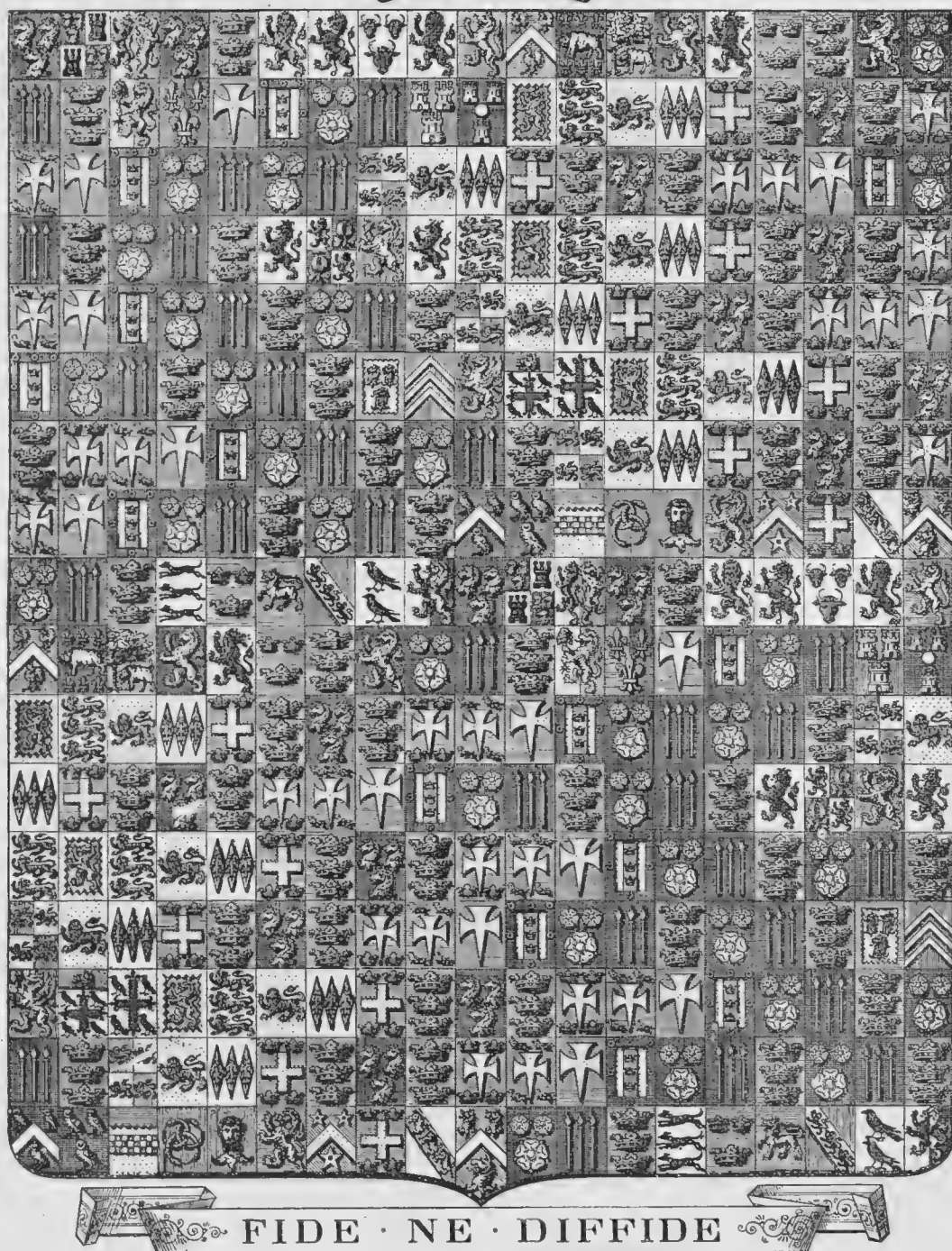
The illustrations in "Armorial Families" alone form a very interesting collection, both as types of book-plates (of which many are facsimiles) and as showing various forms of heraldic design. The printing, too, is extremely clear, even where many quarterings are shown. Of such, there are several fine examples, notably Baroness Conyers, with 136, and Major E. A. Uvedale Price, with 222; but the record is easily made, so far as the largest number of quarterings established at the Heralds' College is concerned, by the family of Lloyd, of Stockton, with 356, and, by the courtesy of the publishers, it is possible to reproduce here the illustration showing 323 of these. The

present representative of this family (Henry Crampton Lloyd) is the sixty-seventh in unbroken male descent from Beli Mawr, King of Britain, as shown by official records. These quarterings naturally divide into two parts, the family's connection with many other old Welsh families being mainly responsible for the first 161, while a judicious marriage between cousins in the seventeenth century enabled the descendants of that union to marshal over again all the former quarterings, which will be found duplicated in the last half of the shield, the lady being daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. George Lloyd, also of Stockton.

Armorial bearings, to be legally used, so far as England and Ireland are concerned, can only be borne rightly by those who can prove legitimate male descent from someone to whom Arms have been granted, confirmed, or allowed, or to whom a patent of Arms has been assigned, while in Scotland Arms descend to the eldest male representative of a family, or to females being heiresses

or co-portioners; but younger sons and their younger sons must matriculate and receive marks of difference. Failing this, a new grant must be petitioned for.

Several popular fallacies have become deeply rooted in the public mind and still require exploding. It is generally supposed that the "bar sinister" is the mark of illegitimacy. There is, however, no such thing known in heraldry as a "bar sinister"; there is, it is true, a "bend sinister," which was formerly thus used, but has long since been discarded. The usual mark of bastardy (which it is not necessary to advertise) is, so far as the escutcheon is concerned, in quite different form. To anyone of bastard descent there are two courses open, either to obtain an entirely new grant or to petition for Royal Licence to bear the Arms of the putative father, with proper marks of difference. In the latter case, however, it must be borne in mind that these differences are part and parcel of the Arms, and it is absolutely illegal to use the plain Coat without them, although one instinctively calls to mind many individuals—among



ARMS OF MR. HENRY CRAMPTON LLOYD.

Reproduced from Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies' "Armorial Families," published by Jack, of Edinburgh.

them several peers—who habitually sin in this respect. The term "heiress" is popularly supposed to indicate wealth, but in heraldry an heiress need not be the possessor of one halfpenny, but *must* be the representative of her father or family.

If anyone states that he possesses a Crest but no Coat-of-Arms, write him down at once as a prevaricator of the truth, for there is no authority extant for a Crest being rightly borne without a Coat-of-Arms, although the contrary is frequently found, and a Coat-of-Arms without Crest is rather the sign of an old family than otherwise. The sons of peers, too, are not entitled to use their father's supporters, which are limited to the holder of the peerage only. All these and many other points are referred to in detail by Mr. Fox-Davies in his excellent Introduction, which would be the better for marginal annotations,

MR. EDMUND PAYNE AND MISS KATIE SEYMOUR
AS PICCANINNIES IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



What would the Gaiety be without its twins? Of course, Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour are not related to one another, but artistically they are the best of twins, and no feature in a Gaiety "musical comedy" is so popular as one of their delightful duets. In "The Shop Girl" they sang and danced the tinkling tea-shop ditty, in "The Circus Girl" they masqueraded as two clowns with whitened faces, which made them almost indistinguishable; and in "A Runaway Girl" they have blackened their faces, and pretend to be piccaninnies.

When de twilight 's fallin' an' de stars a-peepin' out,
When de night begins!
Is de time our mammy says de bogey-man's about,
And de gobble-ins!
And when de little piccaninnies softly creep around,
Dat 's what makes 'em hold deir breath,
'Cos dey 's almost scared to death;
Startin' when de shadows move, an' feared of every sound,
'Cos dey knows dere's goblins lurkin' in de woods behind de trees where dey abound.

Behind de trees
Dey 're sure to seize
Little coloured piccaninnies if dey don't take care!
Way out in de dark
You can hear 'em—hark
To de goblins waitin' over dere,
Behind de trees,
In twos and threes,
For de little piccaninnies whom dey mean to seize.
Dey 'll catch us if we isn't sly,
For de gobble-ins are watchin' through de corner of deir eye!

When dere ain't no sound except de banjos and guitars
Softly tinkling!
And dere ain't no light except de perky little stars
All a-tinkling!

It's den de piccaninnies are afraid to show demselves
If dey want to share a kiss
In de dark, alone, like this,

If dey want to steal de ripe bananas from de shelves,
'Cos dey know de bogey-man is watchin' out with all his gobble-ins and elves!



CHARLES DICKENS FOR EVER!

YESTERDAY WAS THE BIRTHDAY OF THE GREAT NOVELIST, WHO WAS BORN AT LANDPORT FEBRUARY 7, 1812. HE DIED AT GADSHILL IN 1870, BUT HIS INSPIRING BOOKS STILL COMMAND OUR AFFECTIONS.

Landport has rarely been so much to the front as it is at this moment. The little seaport town was the home of poor Elizabeth Lavinia Newman, the pilot's daughter who married Lieutenant (afterwards Earl) Poulett, and became the mother of the Organ-grinder Viscount. Her story might have been sheer fiction. As a matter of fact, Landport welcomed

so numerous that it will perhaps be better to glance at the different rooms and stairways in their order, rather than attempt to take each story and follow through its incidents.

At the very entrance to the great gateway of the Bull we are arrested by a Pickwickian quotation, "Good house—nice beds," the comment of

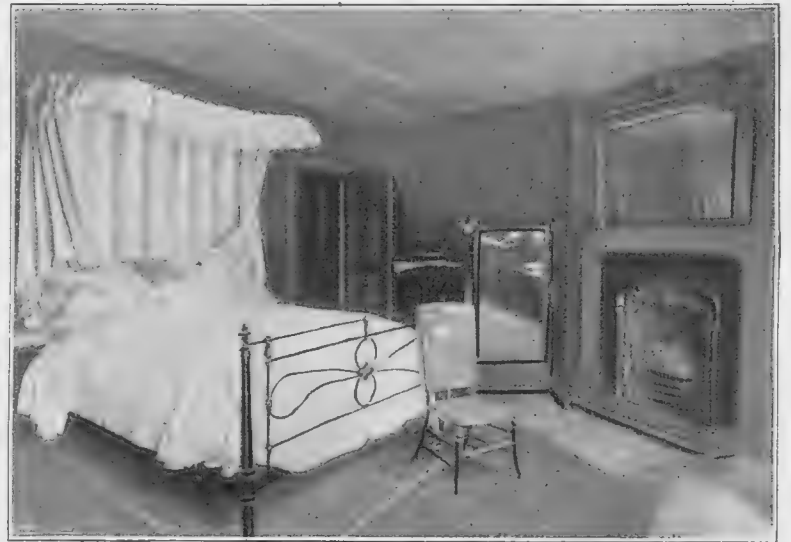


THE ENTRANCE TO "THE BULL" AND ITS INN-YARD.

into the world one of the greatest masters of fiction the century has seen, for Charles Dickens was born there eighty-seven years ago, on Feb. 7, 1812. But Landport does not monopolise Dickens, for he loved all that coast, and again and again made Rochester the scene of his stories. Rochester is a delightful old-world place, and yet it is very little known to Londoners. For centuries the old Castle (still complete) and the old Cathedral have been the scenes of incidents important in the life of the whole nation. Here, or near here, William the Norman was checked by the Kentishmen and the Men of Kent, who forced him to confirm their ancient laws as the price of their acquiescence in his conquest. Here stayed Henry III. as prisoner of the Barons. Here stayed Henry VIII. when he came from London to see the launch of the *Great Harry*; and, later, his daughter, the Good Queen Bess. Here Charles II. was received with a frantic welcome when "the King came to his own again," and here James II. stayed for one night on his flight from the country, after throwing the Great Seal into the Thames. Every lane and turning in Rochester reminds us of some historical association, but, even if it had nothing but the Dickens associations, they would be enough to make any one city famous.

The most important references which Dickens made to Rochester occur in his earliest and his latest books, namely, "The Pickwick Papers" (1836-7) and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870). A great portion of the plot of "Great Expectations" is also worked out here.

The headquarters of Pickwick, as of Dickens himself, when he stayed in Rochester, were at the Bull Inn, and the references to that house are



PICKWICK'S (AND DICKENS'S) ROOM AT "THE BULL."

the irrepressible Jingle. Entering the wide passage through which the coaches once drove, we see the whole lamb, the saddle of mutton, the rounds of beef, and perchance something in the way of game, which hang here in the sweet open-air, quite in the manner of the old-fashioned hostelry. Before us is the great courtyard, at the corner of which, on the night when Dickens feasted the Seven Poor Travellers ("Christmas Stories"), "a wall-eyed young man, connected with the Fly department," was stationed with instructions to "dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince-pies, and speed with them to Watts's Charity," as soon as the waiter's whistle told him that the first course had been consumed. Here on the right is the door into that very kitchen.

On the right also is the door into the "Commercial" side of the house, entering a passage with the commercial-room on the right, and on the left the quaint old room in which the Owls Club was held every night for more years than any man knoweth. Up the steep stairs we reach the private banquet-room, where the dinner was held in celebration of the apprenticeship of Pip to Joe Gargery ("Great Expectations"), after which "Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins's ode, and threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down with such effect that a waiter came in and said, 'The commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumblers' Arms.'"

Almost opposite this room is No. 17, which was occupied by Mr. Pickwick, and which was the room always used by Dickens himself. To it he makes many incidental references, as when he speaks of his anxiety for the time of the Seven Poor Travellers' meal to approach, and



THE COFFEE-ROOM AT "THE BULL," REFERRED TO IN "PICKWICK," "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," AND MINOR WORKS.



THE BALL-ROOM, WITH THE MUSICIANS' "ELEVATED DEN" AT THE FAR END.

From Photographs by Catherine Weed Barnes Ward.

says that, when the clock struck eight, "I could smell a delicious savour of Turkey and Roast Beef rising to the window of my adjoining bedroom, which looked down into the inn-yard," &c.

On the floor above are Winkle's room, No. 19, and Tupman's, No. 13, which have an inner door of communication between them, though their outer doors are reached from different parts of the house. In Winkle's room slept her Majesty the Queen, one night in 1836, when she was yet the Princess Victoria.

If we enter the coffee-room side of the house, we at once face the great staircase, with its magnificent bull's-head and its collection of prints and engravings. On the left is the coffee-room, where the *Pickwickians* had their famous dinner of soles, broiled fowl, and mushrooms, while on the right is the bar at which tickets for the eventful ball were sold. On the first floor, running alongside the inn-yard, is the long ball-room, with the musicians' gallery at one end, for does not Dickens say that "the musicians were securely confined in an elevated den"? Here, in imagination, we can follow the whole busy scene—the cool impertinence of Jingle and the excitement of Dr. Slammer, ending in the scene on the stairway and the challenge to innocent Mr. Winkle.

The coffee-room does duty in several other scenes. Here was the bitter and silent "scene" between Pip and his detested but successful rival, Bentley Drummle; here was the miserable breakfast with which the patronising and insufferable Pumblechook insisted on interfering after Pip's "great expectations" had come to an end.

But we must leave the Bull. Close to it is the bridge replacing the one over the balustrades of which Mr. *Pickwick* leaned "contemplating nature." The balustrades themselves now bound the Promenade, where *Edwin Drood* and Rosa told each other that they would "change to brother and sister from this day forth," and "never be husband and wife." From the Promenade, steps lead into the Castle grounds, and walks run around them toward the Vines (called in "*Edwin Drood*" the "Monks' Vineyard") where *Edwin* and Rosa finally parted.

Turning back to the High Street, we have, directly opposite the Bull, the Guildhall, where Pip was indentured to Joe Gargery, in the Justice-Room, which we can see if we wish.

A few yards along the High Street is the house (now No. 46) where King James was entertained before his flight, and nearly opposite is the Corn Exchange, with its "queer old clock that projects over the pavement, as if Time carried on business there and hung out his sign" ("*Seven Poor Travellers*").

On the right, again, is the College Gateway, one of three gateways still standing, each of which contributed some features to Dickens's fancy picture of Jasper's Gatehouse ("*Edwin Drood*"). Within the gateway is the Cathedral, rich in memories of the Deputy, Durdles, and Jasper, with the Deanery Gateway on the north side. Opposite the western doorway is the "triangular strip of burying-ground in which a solitary sheep was feeding"; and, parallel with it, in the old Castle moat, is a small burying-ground in which Dickens hoped that his own body might be laid.

Passing round to the south of the Cathedral, we go near the Prior's Gate and along Minor Canon Row (called, in "*Edwin Drood*," Minor

Canon Corner, and the home of Mr. Crisparkle). From the other end of the Row it is but a few steps to the Vines, at the far end of which are the elms, "The Seven Sisters," under which Rosa and Edwin parted. Immediately opposite these trees is Restoration House (called by Dickens, Satis House), in which occurred the many scenes with Miss Havisham and Estella ("*Great Expectations*").

A few hundred yards down the Maidstone Road brings us to the junction of High Street and Eastgate, and a very short distance along Eastgate is Eastgate House, the Nun's House of "*Edwin Drood*," where Rosa Bud and Helena Landless were at school. After falling into bad repair, this fine old mansion has been purchased by the town, and is being most conservatively restored (in the best sense) for use as a museum and library. This is probably the house Dickens had in mind when he sketched the young ladies' school at Westgate House, Bury St. Edmunds, in "*Pickwick*."

Across the road is Mr. Sapsea's house ("*Edwin Drood*"), which is also said to have been the residence of Uncle Pumblechook ("*Great Expectations*"), and which is a wonderfully fine old building of the end of the sixteenth century.

Returning along the High Street, we come to the famous Watts's Charity, scene of the "*Seven Poor Travellers*," a very curious old place, which will be gladly shown by Miss Taylor, the matron.

Want of space forbids me to describe any of these places in detail, or even to indicate by name all of the many Rochester scenes to which Dickens refers. It is equally impossible to deal with the many scenes of Dickens's life and works with which Chatham (adjoining Rochester) abounds, or to follow the novelist to Strood (also adjoining), to Gadshill and Cobham Park, to Higham, Cooling, and "the meshes," or marshes, where Pip met his convict. We cannot follow the *Pickwickians* to Dingley Dell and Muggleton, Mr. Crisparkle to Cloisterham Weir, or poor David Copperfield on his miserable tramp through Rochester and Chatham when on his way to Dover. But all these and a host of other references may be followed up by those who can spend a few days in and around the quaint old city of Rochester.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN AS CONNIE MARKHAM IN "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Connie Markham is the fiancée of Sir Philip Ashton, while her brother, Dick, wants to marry Sir Philip's sister, Madge, whose picture appears on the opposite page.

WHERE LAMB LIVED.

Among the streets which are to be demolished to make room for the long-promised thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand is Little Queen Street and with it will disappear an interesting landmark of literary London, the house that was for some years the

home of Charles Lamb. In 1795, on leaving the Temple, where they had long resided, and where Charles himself was born, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, with their son and daughter, took lodgings at 7, Little Queen Street, and it was there that the tragic death of Mrs. Lamb occurred. There, too, Charles Lamb wrote many of his earlier poems, including the well-known piece "*The Old Familiar Faces*," and there he composed the tale of "*Rosamund Gray*." Thence, too, no doubt, he often wandered to Drury Lane Theatre to enjoy the sight of "a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit-door," or walked amid the bustle of the Strand and Fleet Street to get rid of the melancholy that must often have possessed him at home; but then, as he himself said, "The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street." It is to be hoped that, even if the actual house is swept away by the new street, it will be found possible to erect some memorial near the spot.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The "War against War" goes merrily on in the fields of the Press and public meetings, and it seems as if a Conference would actually meet some day at Brussels, formerly the centre of the "cockpit of Europe," and now the most neutral capital of the world. The Belgians are, indeed, a nation fitted for the arts of peace rather than those of war, as they are showing on the Congo at the present moment. No rude sounds of strife will disturb the assembled diplomatists while they try to spin a cable of concord out of the blue vapours of sentimental sympathy.

That anybody serious, except the Czar, expects anything serious, except a war, to come out of this palaver of peace is rather doubtful. As Mr. Bernard Shaw very sensibly and obviously (and therefore, for him, improperly) remarked, armaments are the result and not the cause of the combative temper. In fact, the increase of armaments and the progress of invention tend to make wars so costly and uncertain as to deter nations and statesmen from risking them. A hundred years ago France would have fought over Fashoda, and England over Port Arthur. Now both nations count the cost, and decide that the game is not worth the candle. The historical survey of warfare shows a steady decrease in the loss of human life, with a huge increase in the expenditure of money and the size of armies. The cost of a war, divided by the number of the slain, would make a very handsome life-insurance indeed. Even Dervishes (the cheapest, because they come to the gun) would figure out at £15 to £20 apiece. "What, all that money spent in bombarding Algiers?" said the Dey to Admiral Duquesne; "I would have burnt it myself for half the money."

Therefore, unless we can invent an anti-toxin for the combative instinct—which is difficult, because, after all, this instinct in some form is what keeps society alive—any cheapening of war will do for it what cheapening of any commodity does. It will place war within the reach of the poorest nations, and those who have a taste for the luxury will be able to indulge their craving without ruinous expense. Is this a particularly desirable result? The Turk is still a first-rate fighting-man; but, except on his own borders, he is crippled for lack of money, and, therefore, of the necessary supplies and equipment. Russia is rich in men, but poor in capital. If England could not outbuild her in warships, what chance would the British Empire have? The proposal to stop war by reducing the expense of armaments is like that to reduce drunkenness by abolishing the taxes on alcohol.

Again, if war breaks out, the decreased expense in money will be balanced by an increased cost in human life and general wretchedness. A disciplined soldier is far more costly than a raw recruit; but battles of untrained soldiers, unless ended by a panic, are horribly murderous.

The men do not know how to take cover, how to avoid fire, how to work up to a position; they run either too soon or too late. And an undisciplined army in a hostile country is a devouring fire, compared with which the heaviest requisitions of an orderly conqueror are as nothing.

Mr. Shaw accordingly seems to have capped his remarks with a practical suggestion, which is more what we should expect from him. The great nations should syndicate their armaments, discuss any dispute that arose, and enforce compliance with their decision by the terror of their united arms. This sounds very pretty, but, in practice, it would result in partitions. The three States surrounding Poland found themselves troubled by Polish anarchy and civil war, and resolved to restore peace. They accordingly formed a Syndicate—and Poland disappeared

from the map! There has often been talk of a Continental league against England, and now and then the talk has come very near a reality. The proposed Syndicate would be such a league ready-made, with the additional advantage of having the morality and public opinion of the world in its favour. To make the league of peace harmless, it would have to be unnecessary. At present the armed nations are like highwaymen drinking together in outward amity, but each ready to betray his friends or to take their plunder by force. But any two of them do not care to set on a third—first, because neither of them is sure that his accomplice will stand by him; secondly, because some of the other gentlemen of the road may take a hand; and, thirdly, because there is the off-chance that the intended victim may be a match for both his assailants.

And even if we could abolish open war, should we have done much? What about the war of trade competitions, as pitiless and deadly as any fight, but less honourable, and almost destitute of courage? A "Napoleon of Finance" strews his path with ruin as thickly as the conqueror whose name he earns. You do not see the corpses and the ravaged houses, but they are there. Are there not journalistic battles, in which the weapons are lies and slanders? Financial battles, fought with fraud and falsehood? Are we to exterminate the lion, and leave the snake alive?

And, lastly, reduction of armaments, however skilfully contrived, cannot give security. Indeed, it will increase uncertainty. The smaller the armies and fleets, the greater the part played by chance in the war. Turenne decided the fate of Europe with armies sometimes less than a division, always less than a modern army corps. A poor State will not attack a rich and populous one, for it knows that, though it may defeat one army, there are others behind, too strong to be faced. But what if there were no reserves?—MARMITON.



[Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.]

MISS GERTRUDE SCOTT AS MADGE ASHTON IN "A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE,"
AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Dick (Madge's sweetheart) borrows money from Sir Philip Ashton, who has mortgaged his estate. The situation is saved by the appearance of Lord Markham, the uncle of Connie, who has been absent for thirty years, and who extricates the young people from all difficulties.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-four (from Oct. 26, 1898, to Jan. 18, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

OUR GREATER NOVELISTS AS POETS.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH AND MR. THOMAS HARDY, LONG RECOGNISED AS THE FOREMOST BRITISH NOVELISTS OF THE AGE, HAVE PUBLISHED THEIR COLLECTED POEMS.

Almost simultaneously have appeared the poetical work of the two greatest living English novelists. With Mr. Meredith, of course, the event only means that the various scattered volumes of his poems have been collected and given an external unity—not too soon. But probably the appearance

of "Wessex Poems" was the first intimation to the great majority of his readers that Mr. Hardy had ever tried to express himself in verse at all.

There are very few points of comparison between them as verse-writers. The effect they produce is infinitely different. The metrical work of one is the result of a few brief intense moments; that of the other might well have been the literary output of a lifetime. I am tempted for an instant to say that I wish it had been; but I recant swiftly. Only, the Meredith disclosed in the poems is a wider and a profounder and a much less conventional Meredith than he of the brilliant novels. These reveal a splendid and a subtle intellect, which plays round life rather than fathoms it and faces it. There is a certain primness



Pictured by William Hyde.

THE CHÂLET, BOX HILL, WHERE MR. MEREDITH WRITES HIS BOOKS.

From the Poetical Works of George Meredith. Complete Edition, 2 vols. (Constable and Co.).

or timidity in his attitude to humanity which is not always or immediately perceived, so dazzled is one by his wit and the brilliance of his style. The timidity is in nowise exceptional; the primness is his own. Both are surprising only in the light of his great powers. His poetry is a revelation how much he has withheld in his prose; how he has limited himself to certain planes of thought and emotion, to the delineation of a thinner surface of life than that which he intimately knows, perhaps from an instinctive feeling that the rest could be adequately treated only in poetry. I do not mean that the perfected Meredith is in these two volumes of verse. "The Egoist," and "Richard Feverel," and "Evan Harrington" are absolutely articulate, made beyond the desire of bettering. But in the imperfect craftsman of the poems there is the warmth and there is the grip of life which were wanting in the prose. Perhaps the choice of his medium is in obedience to the laws he laid down in "The Two Masks"—

For this the Comic Muse exacts of creatures
Appealing to the fount of tears: that they
Strive never to outleap our human features,
And do Right Reason's ordinance obey,
In peril of the hum to laughter highest.
But prove they under stress of action's fire
Nobleness, to that test of Reason highest,
She bows: she waves them for the loftier lyre.

So "for the loftier lyre" has Mr. Meredith waved much of his deepest insight and emotion. The novels are even now mostly for cultivated coteries. They appeal only to the consciously intellectual. But not so the poems, which range the passions up and down, read the beauty and the tragedy of the earth, and find in the simple, as in the complex, stimulus and joy.

Mr. Meredith is no mere prose-writer with a minor gift for verse. He wields a double instrument, and, while one wonders at his mastery of metre, one complains, too, that he has not thought it worth his while to make it still more complete. For he has, at will, or in happy moments, the true singing gift. Yet no one writes more ruggedly, more crudely, more crabbedly, than the clear, melodious poet of "Love in the Valley," of "Phœbus with Admetus," of "The Thrush in February," and of these lines from "The Lark Ascending"—

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,

And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes;
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dream of labour in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, show of primrose banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreath,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.

But it is a very different matter when you come to the "Wessex Poems." The whole gamut of Mr. Hardy's genius is revealed in his prose. He has deemed nothing unfit for prose, and so his novels, that never tickle the intellectual palate, as do Mr. Meredith's, and by younger readers are considered not nearly so clever, reach heights and depths of human passion and tragedy untouched by the elder master's. There is no new spirit revealed by Mr. Hardy's verse. Yet it was not an idle fancy that set him writing it. He has not kept his loftier moments for metre, but peculiarly keen and tender emotions have driven him to it, not frequently, just often enough so that such occasions in the last thirty years have filled a volume. There is more subtlety than music; but most of all is there tenderness. Had they been mere exercises of wit, some of them would have been bettered, and yet I doubt if this could, either in inner or outer seeming—

I will be faithful to thee; aye, I will!
And Death shall choose me with a wondering eye
That he did not discern, and domicile
One his by right ever since that last Good-bye!

I have no care for friends, or kin, or prime
Of manhood, who deal gently with me here;
Amid the happy people of my time
Who work their love's fulfilment, I appear
Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came;
Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint
The mind from memory, and make Life all aim,

My old dexterities of hue quite gone,
And nothing left for Love to look upon.

The "Wessex Poems" are the poems of a poet who has too rarely used his gift, not of a mere experimenter in verse. They may be called the accents of his work in prose.

A. M.



Pictured by William Hyde.

FLINT COTTAGE, BOX HILL, WHERE MR. MEREDITH RESIDES.

From the Poetical Works of George Meredith. Complete Edition, 2 vols. (Constable and Co.).



[Photos by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.]

PROMINENT GOLFERS WHO FREQUENT THE ROYAL WIMBLEDON LINKS.

1. Sir Westral Percival leaving the Club House on his cycle. 2. Major-General Moncrieff. 3. Dr. Purvis, the "Father of Golf." 4. Three golf veterans returning from the Links: Messrs. Ridpath, King, and Davison. 5. Mr. Foster (Secretary) leaving the Club House. 6. Mr. Russell. 7. Mr. Molesworth. 8. Major-General Moncrieff and Messrs. Fairlie, Russell, and Kinnard playing a foursome.

SOME CURIOUS AND RARE DOGS.

While some lovers of dogs take up a certain breed and strive by patience and perseverance to perfect their pets by generations of careful breeding, others seek after strange and odd specimens of the canine race. Among

summer. Farthest North is the dog depicted in Miss Maud Earl's painting exhibited at the Academy. The White Lapland also comes from the frozen North; dark-coloured Laps are, of course, not rare,



MR. H. C. BROOKE'S MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG, PADEREWSKI JUNIOR.

the most curious dogs now in this country, the Mexican Hairless Dog is about the most seldom met with. Paderewski Junior is a good specimen of this strange breed. Practically, he is without a particle of hair save for a few long whisker-like bristles on his face and a small crest of white hair on the top of his head; yet his appearance is not at all unpleasing, for his smooth pink skin, mottled with plum-black marks, is rather "fetching," and in manner and disposition he is charming. Although from the tropical clime of Mexico, the breed acclimatises fairly well. Paderewski has been a winner at the Crystal Palace.

The Esquimaux, Farthest North, is a dog with a history, for he is the only surviving member of the historic pack which accompanied Lieutenant Peary in his expedition across Greenland. Most of the pack had to be sacrificed on this terrible journey in order to keep the remainder alive. The few that reached Norway were ultimately deposited in our Zoological Gardens, as it was intended to use them again in an Antarctic expedition. The dogs, however, but just arrived from the regions of eternal snow and ice, soon succumbed to the heat of our



THE ESQUIMAUX, FARTHEST NORTH.

but the white species like L'Homme de Neige ("the Snow Man") is seldom met with—in fact, this dog, owned by the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, and Perla, owned by the Prince of Wales, were the only two known White Laps in England. Perla, however, is now dead, so L'Homme is the sole representative of his breed. He is a big prize-winner, and much admired on the show-bench. Two very uncommon breeds of spaniels are the Bhutanese and Thibet varieties. The former come from Bhutan (North of India), but the pair pictured here were reared in this country, though the parents were imported. They are good companions, with engaging manners; they beg, sitting up quite naturally, which is a characteristic of the breed. The Thibets were imported from that little-known land beyond the Himalayas from which they take their name. Sikkim and Lhasa are mother and daughter, and they seem to thrive in the land of their exile, and are both affectionate and sensible little pets. The Bhutanese and Thibets whose



THE HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S WHITE LAPLAND, L'HOMME DE NEIGE.

pictures are given are owned by the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, who has a charming collection of rare and curious foreign dogs.



THE HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S BHUTANESE SPANIELS, INDIA AND PUTIMA.



THE HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON'S THIBET SPANIELS, SIKKIM AND LHASSA.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The experiment of reviving pantomime at the Adelphi—a house at one time famous for that form of entertainment—has proved so far successful, in spite of many rival attractions in the suburbs, that it will be repeated next Christmas. Mr. Oscar Barrett announces that the subject of his next pantomime will be "Jack and the Beanstalk," the stage version of the old fairy-tale being provided by Mr. Horace Lennard. The Barrett-Lennard pantomimes are not pantomimes as pantomimes go; it would be more correct to describe them as fairy-plays, although it must be admitted that this year, in "Dick Whittington," at the Adelphi, the fairy element is less pronounced than usual, and Mr. Barrett has made certain concessions to the gallery by the introduction of some knockabouts—decidedly clever in their way—in Messrs. Ray and Ransford, and the best exponent of clog-dancing since Dan Leno, in Harry Raymond. On actors and actresses of experience Mr. Barrett invariably relies for the strength of his company. A play must be played—and with him the "play" has invariably been "the thing." If the thread of the story is strong enough, he maintains that you can hang upon it pomp and pageantry, song and dance, wit and whimsicality, at will. His players this season are all of proved ability. Miss Amy Augarde, as "principal boy," is an operatic artist of high rank. Her voice, remarkable for its quality and culture, has been heard in London in "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Dorothy," "Doris," "Little Jack Sheppard," "The Wizard



DUMPLING (MISS LUCY NICHOLLS).

of the Nile," and "Bilberry of Tilbury." In the provinces Miss Augarde played Marguerite in "Faust Up to Date" for over two years, and her Carmen in the burlesque of that name is still spoken of as a triumph. This is her eighth pantomime engagement, and her sixth appearance as a "principal boy." Miss Marie Montrose, the "principal girl" at the Adelphi, is an actress as well as a singer. Her Wilber's Ann in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is not yet forgotten, and her Rebecca in "My Girl," at the Gaiety, was a clever sketch of character. She has played "principal girl" at Drury Lane, and her claims on a pantomime audience are accentuated by the fact that she once played clown—for a benefit. Miss Millie Legarde, who graduated in the halls of variety, has charm of presence, and sings a song of "The Coal-Black Lady" order with sweetness and effect. Miss Florrie Harmon is a dashing and effective soubrette, sings her songs with precision and point, and has poetry in her toes. Miss Eva Lynne, as the Princess, is a pure soprano, and possesses the natural gifts of an actress. She made her first appearance on the stage in Bombay. She has played in French with Madame Réjane, and has been Fairy Queen and "principal girl" in the provinces. Miss Katie Vesey is the daughter of Clara Vesey, and consequently a niece of Emily Soldene's. She is beyond question the most graceful

dancer of the present day. Miss Jessie Danvers is an actress of experience, Miss Dora Thorne is a recruit from Daly's Theatre, and



THE COOK, FITZWARREN (MR. SYDNEY HARCOURT), THE CAT (MR. O. E. LENNON), AND IDLE JACK.



IDLE JACK (MR. EDWARD LEWIS) AND CICELY THE COOK (MR. FRED EASTMAN).

Miss Lucy Nicholls is the promising daughter of Mr. Harry Nicholls, the Adelphi comedian. Of the gentlemen in Mr. Barrett's company, Mr. Fred Eastman is probably best known to a London audience. He has lately been playing Christopher Potter in "Little Miss Nobody," at the Lyric. His earlier experiences date from the Soldene and Santley tours. He was the principal comedian in Miss Fortescue's company, and for two years played Mr. Arthur Roberts's part in "Don Juan" on tour. He has played in twenty pantomimes, and was specially engaged by Mr. Barrett for the part of one of the sisters in "Cinderella" when that Lyceum success was transferred to New York. Mr. Edward Lewis was one of the original "Joan of Arc" company at the Opéra Comique and "The Dandy Fifth" company at the Duke of York's. He is a comedian of wide experience and resource, with a style specially adapted to pantomime. He was a member of the Vokes combination, and played all Fred Vokes's parts after that actor's death. He was the original Mr. Welland Strong in the English version of "A Trip to Chinatown." He served for some time under the banner of Sir Augustus Harris, and has played in sixteen pantomimes. Mr. Sydney Harcourt is a sound all-round comedian. He was the original Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland." His chief successes have been made in "The Great Pink Pearl," "La Bearnaise," "La Mascotte," as Tancred in "Falka," and as Peter Amos in "Niobe." This is his fourth engagement with Mr. Oscar Barrett. Mr. O. E. Lennon, the Cat, is an actor as well as an animal-impersonator. He has been a member of Mr. George Edwardes's touring companies. His Cat at the Adelphi is reputed the best thing he has yet done. His representation is full of humour,

intelligence, and agility. Mr. William Lugg, the Sultan, is a well-known legitimate actor. His elocution is perfect, and his stage-presence imposing. Mr. E. Morehen, as the Vizier, is a capable actor, and the

"understudy" of the leading comedians is entrusted to him. In the rank and file of the Adelphi pantomime company are many other actors and actresses of promise, who, as opportunity arises, will undoubtedly come to the front.

Miss Elsa Moxter is one of the "hits" of the pantomime. I remember her last year at the Garrick pantomime, when she brought in Cinderella's slippers on gorgeous cushions. Everything else in that pantomime has faded from my memory. I see only the tiny little maid standing, in white, before the footlights, with the glistening slippers. This year she masquerades as a miniature midshipmite in "Dick Whittington." In response to a request that she would tell me what she has done since the Garrick show, she has written me this little letter, dated from 63, Gower Street—

DEAR Sketch,—Now I am going to try and tell you what I have been doing since I wrote to you last. I have played at Cork, Halifax, Cornwall, Bournemouth, and Harrogate, besides many other engagements in London.

I like my little part in "Dick Whittington" very much, and quite look forward to going to the theatre every day; and then I am very fond of my work, and I like Mr. Barrett so much; he is, and always has been, so good to me that I wish the pantomime would run all the year round.

I am sending you two of my pictures, taken when I was four years old and made my first appearance on the stage.—With love, yours lovingly,
ELSA MOXTER.

I am sorry that, through lack of space, I am unable to reproduce Miss Moxter's pictures as a tiny four-year-old.



MISS ELSA MOXTER.



MISS ELSA MOXTER, THE MINIATURE MIDSHIPMITE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS ELSA MOXTER, THE MINIATURE MIDSHIPMITE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"
AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

ALONG THE RIVIERA.

Now that February is well on the way, the Riviera season is in full swing, and for the enchanted district between Hyères, nestling at the foot of the hills, and San Remo, far across the Italian border, the few months of pleasure and profit have come round again. I have sauntered



through most of the large towns, noting the changes that three short years have brought in their train, and enjoying the sunshine and warmth as the man must whose cross-Channel journey occupied eight hours instead of two. The other day, on the Casino terrace at Monte Carlo, a friend brought me a newspaper with an account of frightful gales in the Channel and suspension of the passenger-service. I looked out over the unruffled surface of the Mediterranean, upon which the sun shone with a brilliancy that would have shamed the Great Mogul or Koh-i-Noor; I looked at the gulls circling lazily over the water in the direction of Roquebrune, and at the yachts anchored at ease in the Bay of Monaco. Then I put the paper down and told my friend I did not believe a word of the report. And, his mind being attuned to the music of the morning—his pet number, twenty-seven, had turned up four times within two hours on the previous night in the Salle de Jeu—he agreed with me that the story of the storm must be a canard.

Development proceeds apace on the Riviera, but in no place is it more noticeable than in Monte Carlo. New hotels are rising in all directions, and the tendency of prices is to rise with them. When some group of capitalists has put up a mansion replete with every luxury, the inaugural banquet would make the cynic smile, for the sponsors include Consuls, aristocrats, gamblers, sporting-men, and at least one Bishop to lend the odour of sanctity to the proceedings. The Casino has been re-decorated, and the rooms are lighter and brighter for the change. That eminent deep-sea fisherman the Prince of Monaco has forced the Administration to increase his subsidy, to spend more money on the town, to hand over the secret-service fund, and to several other things that need not be specified here. Consequently, the Administration finds the ordinary profits derivable from the tables insufficient, and is running extra ones on the first floor, where the reading-rooms used to be. To these, when the Casino has been closed to the general public, the most determined plungers may travel by a passage leading from a neighbouring hotel, and may play into the wee small hours on higher terms than those in vogue by day. By means of this generous concession to the men who do not like to find their game stopped at eleven o'clock, the Administration hopes to meet the increased expenditure attendant upon the renewal of its lease.

I said that Monte Carlo has changed; I hasten to add that the change is in the place rather than in the visitors. I fear that the average gambler is hardly conscious of the alterations. He or she looks neither to the right nor to the left, but goes straight to the tables. I saw no sensational play during my few visits to the tables. One Austrian nobleman paid the bank between fifty and sixty thousand francs in the course of an hour, and then rose suddenly and left the roulette-table. I wondered whether he was going back to his hotel to repent, or whether he had forsworn the game; but, a little later in the same evening, I found him tempting the fickle goddess at *trente-et-quarante*. Quite near to him, an English lady long past middle-age, with white hair and a singularly sweet expression, was playing within reasonable distance of the limit, and I saw her win ten thousand francs in about five coups. She was perfectly impassive, and gave no sign of active interest in the game.

At Nice this season is not destined to be a success, if one can judge by the first few weeks. There are so many expensive hotels, so many big shops, and so many people who wish to make enough in three months to keep them for twelve, that there are not enough visitors to go round. Americans are not doing their duty to Europe since the war—from the shop- and hotel-keepers' point of view—and English people are staying away because of the recent typhoid scare. While I am quite ready to believe the Niçois who vows there is not one case of fever in the town, it is not easy to blame the people who stay away. Nice is quite defective in all sanitary arrangements, the typhoid was there in virulent form during October and November, and, without proper sanitation, a recrudescence is always likely, particularly when the town that cannot look after its own interests is called upon to cater for fifty thousand visitors. Even the Promenade des Anglais is not free from very unpleasant odours when the tide is ebbing. To make matters worse, the Niçois have put prices up all round, have offended the yachting community, and muddled one or two public functions. Hence, there is some approach to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and Rumour speaks with bated breath of houses about to put the shutters up. The casual visitor would say the town was well-filled, but the Niçois knows the difference between wheat and chaff where visitors are concerned. Better five hundred English-speaking people, who were put on earth to grow rich and part freely, than five thousand French people who know the market-prices of things. In Paris I found everywhere expressions of regret at the absence of John Bull and Uncle Jonathan; at Nice, where they claim these valuable visitors as their right, the expression of the town is one of righteous indignation.

Of Cannes there is little to record, for the town does not wear its heart upon its sleeve. Moreover, it does not cater for the seekers of pleasure at any price, like Nice; nor for the gamblers and moneyed raff, like Monte Carlo. Certainly the town looks at its best just now; the villas seem to shine in the sun, the exquisite gardens, full of orange- and lemon-trees in full bloom, are a delight to the eye, and, though the place is full of rank and fashion, it is quiet and sober withal. I would have gladly stayed there for a month; indeed, there is but one spot on the Riviera with a greater appeal to me, and that is Mentone. After the noise and dissipation of Nice and Monte Carlo, Mentone is surely the most pleasant spot for repose. You have French comfort in an Italian framework; the native quarter is really picturesque; the walks and drives around must tempt everybody. At Mentone, too, the expense of living is greatly reduced; three days there will cost no more than one in Monte Carlo. Among the pines and cypresses on the hillsides you breathe the purest of pure air; the natives do not regard you as a visitor to be plundered and sent about your business. Even though you tire at length of the *dolce far niente*, amusement is not far to seek. You can stroll to Monte Carlo in little over the hour, or reach it in less than a



ON THE TERRACE
AT MONTE CARLO

quarter of the time by rail. In fact, if you are content with a very modest gamble, you need not go so far, for Mentone has its own Casino, where you may play for an hour and win or lose twenty francs at a game all in favour of the bank. I would rather spend a week in Mentone than a fortnight at any other resort on the Riviera. S. L. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT JOURNALIST.

BY DR. JABEZ HOGG.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" is now closely approaching completion. Its publication has extended over a period of some fifteen or sixteen years, and it has, on the whole, an undoubted claim to be accepted as a work of national importance. It will, however, scarcely be expected to satisfy in every case the monumental instincts and cravings of surviving friends and relatives of those who departed this life during the present century. With all the care bestowed upon the work by its talented editors, it is seen to contain blemishes and defects. These have been freely commented upon throughout the course of the serial publication of accumulating volumes. It is claimed for this biography "that errors are few in number, and the principle of inclusion has been generous as well as carefully guarded," but for other reasons it is surmised that a supplementary volume will be forthcoming. In this case it is to be expected that the writers of contemporary biographical notices will be even more guarded, since they cannot divest themselves of a certain amount of personal responsibility, and here the maxim will apply, "that he only ought to write a man's life who has lived with him."

Now, had a limitation of the kind been accepted by the writer of the memoir of my old and valued friend, the founder and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, there would in all probability have been less occasion for fault-finding in so short a biographical notice, some of the dates in which are wrongly given. It was in 1840 (not 1842) that Mr. Ingram quitted Nottingham for good, and settled in London as a machine-printer in Crane Court. In 1841 his acquaintance was made by the writer, and in a short time a close friendship sprang up, which lasted throughout Mr. Ingram's remarkable and eventful career. From time to time frequent meetings took place, and the two friends either dined or took luncheon together at the Cheshire Cheese, or Peele's Coffee House, where in those days all the newspapers published in town and country were filed for reference. It was chiefly on these occasions that the possibilities of a future illustrated newspaper were discussed and considered. Towards the end of the winter the writer dined with Mr. Ingram at his private residence in Stamford Street. After dinner, Mr. Ingram related a wide experience gained of the country newspaper trade, and no one who listened could for a moment doubt that he had closely observed and divined the growing taste of newspaper-readers for the illustrated newspaper, which at once conveyed the desired information through the eye to the brain. He had particularly observed a great increase in the sale of the newspaper if it happened to give a woodcut ever so roughly or coarsely engraved. On this memorable occasion, when the conversation appeared to flag, and silence reigned, Mr. Ingram suddenly started up, exclaiming in prophetic tones and as if by an inspiration, "Yes, we must have an illustrated *London News*." This he emphatically repeated several times. In less than six months from that time the whole of the details connected with so novel an undertaking were matured, and, with that indomitable courage and perseverance characteristic of the man in after life, the first number of the *Illustrated London News* appeared on May 14, 1842. It contained sixteen pages of letterpress and thirty-two engravings, several of which were drawn on the wood by Gilbert, the foundation of whose large fortune was laid on this eventful day.

Here was the inspiration—an ideal illustrated family newspaper, born of a robust parent possessing exceptional qualities of honest independence for the work. No wonder, then, that the paper took at once—the reading public were electrified—and that the sale of the *Illustrated London News* in a few months reached a hundred thousand. All this has been written many times over, and it might be thought to be a work of supererogation to pillory a statement so long permitted to pass as honest sterling coin—"The National Dictionary of Biography" put it into circulation, upon the authority of Mr. H. Vizetelly—namely, that Mr. Ingram "had at first decided to make the paper an illustrated weekly record of crime," and that Mr. Vizetelly persuaded him to take another course. This is totally devoid of truth.

The further account of the origin of the *Illustrated London News*, it is almost needless to say, is apocryphal, and, on the whole, has little foundation in fact. As to Mr. Vizetelly, the writer is in a position to say that he was not known to Mr. Ingram at the time of the inception and first

publication of the *Illustrated London News*; not, indeed, until after success had crowned the paper and envious competition appeared in Spottiswoode's *Pictorial Times*, a speculation said to have involved the firm in a loss of £20,000. The copyright of this paper was afterwards purchased by Mr. Ingram for a few pounds. The grand success achieved by the *Illustrated London News* was inherent from the first, for its projector possessed a quick judgment and an extraordinary talent for the intricate details associated with so novel an undertaking. The paper itself evidently supplied a public want. As proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Ingram was at once brought into close contact with the artistic and literary world. The most able in each department sought him out, and he soon gained the respect and confidence of all with whom his daily work brought him into contact.

It cannot be gainsaid or doubted that to Mr. Ingram belongs the great merit of having pioneered illustrated newspapers into existence, not only in this country, but in every country throughout the civilised world. He also has the merit of having advanced the pictorial art through the successive stages that have brought it to the wonderful development which has especially characterised the latter half of the Victorian era.

Moreover, he never faltered after the first step taken, and his motto was "Forward." He had constantly in view the necessity for improvement in the educational books used in schools in the first half of the century. He had thoroughly convinced himself that picture-books would help on the work of education. In 1848 he therefore took upon himself the publication of a series of school-books every page of which should contain one or more well-engraved pictures illustrating the text, the selling-price of which should bring them within the reach of the poorest person. Hundreds of thousands of these class-books were published from time to time. This venture called forth "The Illustrated Library," embracing subjects of interest to young and old, as "The Pilgrim's Progress," Boswell's Life of Johnson, Books of the Poets, commencing with Spenser; the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer, with Flaxman's illustrations. This series was succeeded by "The Illustrated London Library," containing works of great interest, such as Layard's "Nineveh and its Palaces," and a hundred other special library works.

During this busy period of Mr. Ingram's life he found time to project and publish a daily newspaper with new features, and at the reduced price of threepence, the *London Telegraph*. The first number appeared on Feb. 1, 1848. Besides the usual news of the day, and for the first time in the history of the morning newspaper, it contained a portion of an original novel by Albert Smith, entitled "The Pottleton Legacy." It attained to a considerable sale, but, owing to the exacting stamp and paper duties of this period, which so seriously handicapped all attempts to cheapen the newspaper, it survived little more than a seven months' existence. Mr. Ingram was in no way disheartened by the

failure of this venture; on the contrary. He at once got up an agitation for the repeal of these obnoxious duties, and, aided by a few energetic men, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Francis, of the *Athenaeum*, and other friends, this, after much labour, proved successful. Whatever Mr. Ingram undertook, he entered upon with all his might, and in so good a cause he saw it was possible to render a more effective service in the House of Commons than as an outsider. Fortunately, at the following General Election he received a pressing invitation to stand for his native place, Boston, and was returned by a considerable majority. Thus the small band of workers was strengthened in Parliament. In 1855 Milner Gibson moved a resolution in favour of the abolition of the penny stamp-duty, and it was carried. This led the *Times* to reduce its price to threepence. About the same time, Mr. Lawson Levy, the manufacturer of a superior drying-ink which he supplied to the *Illustrated London News*, succeeded in starting the *Daily Telegraph*. But another and longer fight was required for the abolition of the more obstructive paper duty, which hampered and impeded the progress of the Newspaper Press. This last of the duties fell, after a very determined struggle, in 1861, the year after Mr. Ingram's painfully tragic death (together with that of his eldest son) by shipwreck. As the representative of Boston, Mr. Ingram always evinced a praiseworthy interest in all its local institutions, and in everything connected with its moral, intellectual, and sanitary improvements. In all the social and domestic relations of life few men have been more deservedly esteemed. But his good name is monumentally associated with the *Illustrated London News*, projected by him, and the existence of which has exerted (for all time) a most beneficial influence on illustrated literature in general.



THE LATE HERBERT INGRAM, FOUNDER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE CABLES THAT REACH ENGLAND viâ LAND'S END.

The proposal to lay a cable under the Pacific, thus bringing Australia and Great Britain within speaking distance without any fear of foreigners overhearing the confidences that a mother-land desires to exchange with her far-off daughter, is no longer a dream. There is every probability that the line will be laid very shortly, thus completing this great all-British project, for the cables from England to Canada and across Canada to Vancouver are already working. The approaching realisation of this scheme has focussed attention on the existing cables, which are not State-owned, as the new ones will be, but belong to various companies. Even in times of peace it is felt that the present means of communication might be improved, but in war-time it is now recognised that England and her dependencies might be cut off. The Commander-in-Chief once characterised dependence on the present cables in the shallow waters of the Mediterranean as "unwise and suicidal," and there is no doubt he was right. All the existing cables are open to being tampered with or cut by an enemy, and it might very easily happen that all communication between this country and India, Australia, and South Africa would be cut off by an enemy just when it was most needed. The proposed Pacific cable and extensions in the Indian Ocean to India and South Africa, and across the South Atlantic to Bermuda, thus completing the world's circuit, would put an end to this danger once and for all. The scheme would give uninterrupted communication between London and

Europe, and the bright-yellow sand offers a contrast to the towering, rugged cliffs—the scene is not easily forgotten. High up above the beach are the buildings of the Telegraph Company, where a large colony of cable-operators live year in and year out, forwarding news from



PORTHCURNOW COVE. LAND'S END, WHERE THE CABLES TAKE THE SEA.

the distant colonies and dependencies and many of the isolated islands in all the world's seas that fly the Union Jack, and in some cases are used as coaling and repairing stations for the Navy. Hitherto, we have fared fairly well in the matter of cable communication, but it has not been cheap. Now that we have got Imperial Penny Postage, there are enthusiasts who look forward to the day when we shall also boast an Imperial sixpenny telegraph, when we shall be able to send a "wire" as cheaply to Hong-Kong or Melbourne as we can from one end of London to the other. Of course, this project is now regarded as Utopian, but so was Imperial Penny Postage only a few years ago. We have obtained it, however.

Most of the news of the world now reaches England by way of Cornwall. While the Western Union Company land their Transatlantic lines at Sennen Cove, to the north of Land's End, and carry them underground to Penzance, whence messages are flashed direct to Wall Street, New York, night and day, the Eastern Telegraph Company have made Porthcurnow, to the south-east of Land's End, their station, and there the messages from all parts of the United Kingdom are sent, and cabled to their destinations—the South of Europe, Egypt, or the Far East. There are already three lines from Porthcurnow to Gibraltar.

Every visitor is familiar with the sandy beach at Porthcurnow under which the cables are landed. It is within a stone's throw of Castle Treryn, the ancient Cornish cliff-castle, with its famous Logan-stone. Visited on a summer day—when the sea has the same transparent blueness as the Mediterranean waters that wash the shores of Southern



TELEGRAPHIC STATION AT PORTHCURNOW.

England to the Far East, and receiving in reply, it may be, news of the latest victory in the Soudan, or of the most recent diplomatic coup. Spending their lives in a lonely cove, five miles from Land's End and nine or ten miles from Penzance, the officials style themselves "the Exiles"; but, for exiles, they manage to spend tolerably happy lives, with the assistance of tennis, cricket, football, and billiards, and they even have a theatre, with not infrequent dances to break the monotony of winter evenings. There are many men poked up in City offices who would like the opportunity of effecting a change, and would be even reconciled to spend their lives in studying the mysterious movements of the Siphon Recorder, by which cable messages are received. This instrument is a marvel of scientific invention, and many are the tales which could be told of the wonder of the simple country-folk as they have watched it recording its messages on the long lengths of tape. One story will bear repetition. An old farmer and his wife had been for some time watching the recorder, as the instrument traced its wavy lines, and the explanations of the official had served only to still further mystify them. "Goodness me!" the old woman at last exclaimed; "and does that long tape come all the way from Spain?" "No, of course not!" broke in the husband, evidently ashamed that his wife should exhibit such simplicity; "it's only the ink that comes from Spain."



THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM AT PORTHCURNOW COVE.

From Photographs by Gibson, Penzance.

"A WINTER'S TALE" ON THE STAGE.

Shakspeare unimproved is good enough for us nowadays—as is evidenced by the splendid production of "A Winter's Tale" at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester—but he was not good enough for our forefathers in the palmy days of the drama. The play of "A Winter's Tale," of which it has been said that it marked the final overthrow of the Unity of Time, was a piece which naturally earned the severest condemnation of the mechanical playwrights of the eighteenth century, who could not away with such a violation of the Unities as that for which "Time, the Chorus," apologises at the beginning of the fourth act—

Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that
I slide
O'er sixteen years.

So, in all the earlier adaptations; the first part of the play disappeared altogether. Either it was totally dropped, as in the two-act piece called "The Sheep-Shearing," which was produced at Covent Garden in

the daughter-in-law of old Colley Cibber, was the Perdita. In this part she had a song which began, "Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks let us shear," and in this song occurred the line, "I'd smile with the poor," on which Dr. Johnson commented characteristically when Mrs. Thrale quoted it as a proof of Garrick's talents for writing light, gay poetry. "Nay, my dear lady," said the sage, "this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple. What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that could help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." Boswell seems to have derived some gratification from observing Garrick's irritation when this criticism was repeated to him; but even he did not appreciate the whole of the joke, if it be true, as Genest states, that the song in question was borrowed without acknowledgment from the older "Sheep-Shearing." Garrick, of course, did not care to own that the song had been "conveyed," and had to bear criticism which he did not in the least deserve.

Garrick's version, or perversion, of the play practically kept the stage till the end of the century, the only performance of the original

MRS. MATTOCKS AS HERMIONE (1779).

MRS. HARTLEY AS HERMIONE (1775).

1754, or the jealousy of Leontes and its fell results were related by one of the characters, as was done in himself, which was first played at Drury Lane in 1756. In all these last-century improvements upon the works of him whom Arthur Murphy, writing of this very adaptation, calls "a great but eccentric poet," the modern reader is irritated to the point of exasperation by the sublime self-satisfaction of the adapter and his sycophants. Thus, Murphy, a man of education and some intelligence, says that Garrick has with great judgment extracted from the chaos before him a clear and regular fable; and that very unpleasant Bishop Warburton, writing to the adapter, compliments him on giving "an elegant form to a monstrous composition!"

But, however we may object to the form of the play, we cannot but believe that the acting was beyond cavil. Garrick's Leontes, Tom Davies tells us, was masterly, and especially so in the Statue Scene, where his acting was most affecting. He was splendidly seconded by Mrs. Pritchard, of whom a very fine print is still in existence, showing her as she moves at the words, "Music, awake her; strike!" The Autolious (for so Garrick spells it) was Richard Yates, an excellent low-comedian, and Mrs. Cibber,



MRS. ROBINSON AS PERDITA.

the original "Winter's Tale" having taken place at Covent Garden in 1771, for the benefit of Thomas Hull. Hull is said to have prepared the acting version used on this occasion, and from it the play was printed in Bell's edition of Shakspeare in 1773. It is interesting to note that Bell's "Shakspeare" has the bad pre-eminence of being the worst edition ever published, yet it was one of the most successful, as many as eight thousand copies being sold in one week. Mrs. Mattocks was the Hermione of this revival, "Gentleman" Smith the Leontes, and Mrs. Bulkley the Perdita.

In the various productions of Garrick's version between 1756 and 1795, when it was last played, all the principal performers of the time appeared. Specially interesting among them all were Mrs. Hartley, who played Hermione, and Mrs. Robinson, whose Perdita might be

described as notorious. Mrs. Hartley, whose face is familiar to us in Reynolds's pictures, was a lovely woman. She had that golden-auburn hair which was beloved of the old Italian painters, a lithe and graceful figure, and a small, perfectly shaped face, very much freckled. When Sir Joshua



MRS. WARNER AS HERMIONE.



MRS. BUNN AS HERMIONE.



MISS JENNY MARSTON AND MR. F. ROBINSON AS FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

paid her a compliment on her beauty, she replied, "Nay; my face may be well enough for shape, but sure 'tis as freckled as a toad's belly." I do not think she can have been very good as Hermione, if there is any truth at all in the description of her by Moody, who said, "Her voice when forced is loud and strong, but an inarticulate gabble. She is ignorant and stubborn. She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar." Even allowing for a good deal of prejudice in this description, this does not seem to be the material out of which a Hermione is to be made.

"Gentleman" Smith, who played Leontes to Mrs. Hartley's Hermione, fell in love with her, and, though he was twice her age, and was a married man to boot, he, to use the popular phrase, "made a fool of himself" altogether over the lovely actress.

Mary Robinson, whose nickname of "Perdita" was derived from this play, owed it not to her skill in acting the part, but to the romantic circumstances connected with her appearance in it on Dec. 3, 1779. The play was acted that night by command of the King and Queen, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was present. He was so fascinated by the charming representative of Perdita that his infatuation was patent to all in the theatre, and Mrs. Robinson was "rallied" a good deal on the conquest she had obviously made. A few days after this eventful evening, one of the Prince's circle, Lord Malden, waited on her with a little note addressed to "Perdita," and signed, of course, "Florizel." After a long correspondence, the lady yielded to the Prince's importunities, and at the end of the season quitted the stage. Florizel was never very faithful in his attachments, and in about a year he tired of his Perdita, who, however, obtained a grant of £500 a-year in 1783, to which, as Genest says, she was justly entitled, as she had quitted a lucrative profession at the Prince's request.

When the Garrick period ended and the Siddons and Kemble era began, a little more reverence was paid to Shakspeare, and in 1802 the original play, with only a few alterations, was revived at Drury Lane, with John Kemble as Leontes, Mrs. Siddons as Hermione, and Charles Kemble, handsomest and best of young actors, as Florizel. Hermione was the last new character Mrs. Siddons appeared in, and her performance of it must have been perfect. She was still sufficiently beautiful to make the Statue Scene specially striking. Boaden says that she looked like a statue of one of the Muses, and that, when the magical words which waked her were spoken by Paulina, the sudden action of the head absolutely startled, as though a miracle had really vivified the marble. Mrs. Siddons had good reason to remember this production—she said to Campbell that she could never think of "A Winter's Tale" without a palpitation of her heart—for she narrowly escaped being burnt to death in the Statue Scene. Her drapery flew over the lamps placed behind the pedestal, and caught fire. If it had not been for the prompt courage of one of the scene-shifters, who crept along and extinguished the flame, there is no doubt that the actress would have run great risk of a terrible death.

In the Macready era, Charles Young and Macready himself acted Leontes; Mrs. Bunn, an excellent actress, played Hermione to both of them, and Miss Faucit played it with Macready. "A Winter's Tale" was one of Phelps's productions at Sadler's Wells, and of Charles Kean's at the Princess's. In the former, Phelps and Mrs. Warner were the Leontes and Hermione, Henry Marston and Miss Cooper the Florizel and Perdita; in the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Kean took the leading parts, and the boy Mamillius was our own Ellen Terry.

There now remains only to mention Miss Wallis's Hermione at Drury Lane in 1878, and Miss Mary Anderson's doubling of Hermione and Perdita at the Lyceum in 1887. All who saw the latter must remember how exquisite Mary Anderson's Perdita was. In it she was a dream of beauty and grace, and her acting was quite free from that amateur self-consciousness which went so far to spoil most of her impersonations.

R. W. L.

A SONG OF FEBRUARY: NARCISSUS.

I who have never loved her, now grow glad,
Having watched die each Agnes-rose I had
Fenced in my chamber from the winter's grief,
To see the sad narcissus lift her leaf
Against the fitful treacheries of spring.

Wintry and wistful she, remembering
How nobly white the snows were, and how deep
Beneath them lay the lily-roots asleep,
Before she rose, unwilling, and went past
Lily and larkspur. Now the frost makes fast
Earth's door against her, lest she turn again.

Afraid of fickle sun and beating rain,
Most wistfully her pale and drooping face
Turns always to her kindred's sleeping-place,
And all the timid sweetness of her breath
Is faint with dreams, and dim desire, and death.

Desire of lilies she will never see,
Though cold and fine as theirs her petals be.
Dreams of the winter-warmth, deep in the dark—
Ere Earth had thrust her, outcast, from the ark,
Amid the ruins of the year; no wings
Hath she to help her over grievous things,
But tholes the flooding rain, the trembling sun,
And still remembers all the good days done.—NORA HOPPER.

WHAT THE RED CROSS HAS DONE.

Red Cross Societies have for the last thirty years shown the world how to realise the apparent paradox in the midst of war to be at peace. Tremendous commotion has been made about the Czar's Rescript, but no one has pointed out that we have already the nucleus of international arbitration in the fact that every civilised Government has entered into the Treaty formulated in Geneva about 1863 for the more merciful conduct of war.

History for the most part is silent about the sick and wounded in the great campaigns of the past. It was only with the Crimean War that the eyes of England, France, and indeed Europe, were opened to the inadequacy of existing Army Medical Services. But even when, in 1859, the battles of Magenta (which gave its name to the now fashionable colour) and Solferino left fifty-two thousand killed and wounded on the field, there was no adequate body of men or women in Europe ready to cope with the ghastly result of that Franco-Austrian War.

No longer were things allowed to drift. A gathering of responsible men in Geneva, among them M. Moynier, led to the great Convention of 1863, to which fourteen Governments sent delegates. Such aristocratic bodies as the Ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and such authorities as Florence Nightingale, were represented. This was the cradle of the Red Cross movement, which is known wherever civilisation has penetrated. The fundamental principle is that animosity against a belligerent ceases when he is wounded or sick, and that he must at least be protected, even though he belongs to the enemy. To succour him is but an instinct of humanity, and therefore the hospitals, the ambulances, the medical stores, also the doctors, male and female nurses, chaplains, and even the inhabitants of the country who render them assistance, must be regarded as neutral, and rendered safe and immune, as far as the exigencies of war will permit. But the Red Cross must mark everything neutral—baggage as well as personnel. No less than thirty-one nations have consented to abide by the provisions of the Geneva Convention.

The Franco-German War gave the Red Cross its first great opportunity. Hardly two years before that pregnant event, both Napoleon III. and King (afterwards Emperor) William had each enthusiastically welcomed the new movement. Thus the sufferings of the combatants were considerably mitigated. Then it was that, for the first time, hospital-trains were used, the Germans hurrying their sick and wounded back to the Fatherland as quickly as possible.

Neutral though we were, no money or labour was spared to properly equip the newly formed British Red Cross Society to help the disabled of both sides. Indeed, after disbursing something like £300,000, so much money was left that this society has not since had to appeal specially for funds. But we were not alone in these good offices, for other European nations were equally ready with help. How many women now over forty can remember the children of their generation being set to work to prepare old rags for the armies!

The great war of 1876-8 between the Slavs and the Turks again stirred Europe to its depths, and drew many nations together in efforts to alleviate the hardships of the soldiery. But it was the Egyptian Campaign of 1884-5 which first gave our English-trained nurses an opportunity of showing the stuff they are made of. Then the Army Nursing Sisters—who, by the way, had been maintained at Netley, at the cost of the Red Cross Society, to show the War Office the advantage of their services—then it was that the Sisters for the most part had their baptism of fire. And what support was rendered to the official Army Medical Service may be gauged by the fact that the Red Cross Society had working going on at twenty-four stations on the Nile, Suez Canal, and Red Sea, among the Nursing Sisters being four Cooking Sisters.

In regard to our own Egyptian War, sick and wounded soldiers and officers each and all testify to the delightful attention they got on board the *Mayflower*, which was equipped by the British Red Cross Society to convey the disabled from Assouan to Cairo, where the Base Hospital was situated. One of the three Nurses engaged on special duty in the *Mayflower*, Miss Elizabeth Geddes, has been awarded, together with the two Army Nursing Sisters employed at the base, the Red Cross Medal from the Queen in acknowledgment of special devotion to the sick and wounded.

The Red Cross is the symbol of hope to the soldier everywhere, of whatever nation; but it is now robbed of much charm by being exploited for advertising purposes. Surely Lord Wantage, Chairman of the British Red Cross Society, could do something to cause this desecration to be prohibited by law at least in England.



M. GUSTAVE MOYNIER.
Photo by Lacroix.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Two beautiful art books, representing Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. C. D. Gibson—at the very poles of technique—have appeared recently. Mr. Crane's book, "A Floral Fantasy in an Old English Garden," is an exquisite specimen of colour-printing, of which the publishers, Messrs. Harper, and the printer, Mr. Evans, may well be proud. Mr. Crane is the poet as well as the painter, and he has fashioned a fancy that the flowers have human names. He pictures them disporting asquires and dames, and at his bidding the whole garden wakes. Thus—

*Sweet William with Mary Gold seek
Heartsease in the close box border,
When startled in their ruff's stiff fold
Dutch Dahlias prim keep order.*

And there you see the William kneeling at the feet of Mary Gold, while the Dutch Dahlias look on from the background with a touch of disdain. The whole book is very delicate and very beautiful. Mr. Crane has seldom done better designs, and they are reproduced in the most charming colours. This indeed is a garden which never fades.

Mr. Gibson, of course, takes us into his familiar Garden of Girls, for the handsome portfolio of "Sketches and Cartoons" which Mr. Lane has issued—the third of the series—tells the whole story of life as dominated by woman from first to last. There is ever a woman in Mr. Gibson's outlook, and she is almost always charming. Nothing could be sweeter than the picture entitled "His First Love." It shows a little boy, in bed, looking at his beautiful mother, seated, in evening-dress, ready to go, at the bottom of the bed. It is a picture that would soften the heart of the hardest bachelor. Then you see age dominated by woman in the series called "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Pipp is a shabby little man who has spent his life in business, and comes to Europe with his daughters. The poor old man is completely suppressed by his superb daughters—and yet he likes it. The picture reproduced

here is a typical specimen of Mr. Gibson's work—the gorgeous, almost impossibly splendid, woman, the humble lover, the delightful cherubs. Mr. Gibson has given us them all before, and still they charm us. He excels himself in the exquisite picture of a mother and child—presumably his own wife and sonlet. One or two of the pen-and-ink drawings are less finished than usual. On the other hand, Mr. Gibson's chalk work shows great improvement. Nothing could be better than his illustrations to "Rupert of Hentzau," some of which are reproduced in this volume on a large scale. The Princess Flavia's portrait has been drawn once and for all by Mr. Gibson in his most superb style, while the picture of Rassendyll *Rex* lying on his bier—you remember Mr. Hope's fine epitaph—is supremely touching. At no other time could two such volumes as Mr. Crane's and Mr. Gibson's have been multiplied by the processes of reproduction for the book-buyer. Each is a masterpiece in its different way.



THE COVER OF MR. WALTER CRANE'S NEW BOOK.
Published by the Harpers.

In Paris, at the sign of Durand Rueil, in the Rue Lafitte, is a highly interesting exhibition of the work of the Impressionist painters. The work of the veteran Camille Pissarro is now being

shown. M. Pissarro has left his country home at Eragny, near Gisors, for a time, and is spending the winter in Paris, in the Rue de Rivoli. Consequently, his latest works are studies of the crowded streets and splendid boulevards around him, and in dealing with them he displays the same mastery of style and the same ability to convey a true and vivid impression that have brought his studies of the country into the front rank. You see Paris in summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, and the pictures enable the spectator to realise how the aspect of a place is constantly changing, and how the many moods and humours of the same street will furnish a clever artist with inexhaustible material.



IN THE GARDEN OF YOUTH.

Reproduced from Mr. C. D. Gibson's latest Album of Drawings, published by John Lane.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

BY MALCOLM WATSON

In the large, gloomy drawing-room, from which the heavy window-curtains excluded all but a faint light, Esther Norman sat alone. Upstairs, in the chamber overhead, her husband lay dead. Often as Esther had sighed for freedom, the thought that it had come in so terribly unexpected a form frightened and overwhelmed her. For five years she had suffered as it is given to few women to suffer. When little more than a girl, she had married a man whose past was a complete blank to her, and of whose real nature she knew nothing. Up to that point, her life had been a singularly happy and placid one, and it seemed to Esther that the mere transition from girlhood to wifehood would involve nothing more serious than the changing of one home for another. Even had the faintest doubt as to the future crossed her mind, it would certainly have been dispelled by the cordial congratulations forthcoming from the large circle of her friends. For Jack Norman was not only wealthy and of excellent family, but, after a fashion, popular. Behind his back some perhaps might be heard to speak vaguely of riotous orgies by night and gloomy awakenings next day, of shady transactions on the turf, and hours spent in the company of acquaintances not too reputable. But such rumours were merely as the mutterings of a distant storm which passes away unnoticed, and were never permitted to reach Esther's ears.

Jack Norman was an inherently weak man. Had this been his only failing, it is possible he might have made his way through the world without incurring its reproaches. But to weakness was joined the cruelty that often springs from it. His instincts in the main were brutish, although, by dint of a certain low cunning, he contrived to conceal the fact from those whom it was most likely to offend. What exact motive prompted him to ask Esther to become his wife it is hard to say. Possibly her girlish ways and palpable innocence caught his fancy, and, in a spirit almost of devilry, he determined to force her into marriage. Certain it is that he lost no time in putting his project into execution, and, before either perhaps quite realised the gravity of the step they had undertaken, the Church had pronounced its blessing upon the union of this ill-assorted couple.

In Esther's case the awakening was swift and violent. Scarcely a week had passed before her eyes were opened to the hideousness of the mistake she had made. Had the knowledge come to her by degrees, had she been given time to formulate some plan of resistance to, or acquiescence in, its approach, there might have been a chance for her. But the blow fell too rapidly, crushing and stunning her in its descent. In the agony of the moment, she revealed far too plainly the contempt and loathing she felt for her husband to admit of any subsequent reconciliation. And Jack Norman was not of those who forgive easily. The brutality of the man showed itself in the dull longing for revenge, the insatiable desire to be even at whatever cost with the woman who, in an instant of divination, had mastered his true character and laid bare the secret of his debased nature.

So for five years this battle of aggressive hatred on one side, of silent endurance on the other, had been waged. But now, at length, the end was come. Death had passed his brush over the canvas and blotted out all the details, leaving only two figures, one of the young wife seated alone in the dreary drawing-room, the other of the husband lying dead in the chamber above.

To the former, freedom had come in a shape as sudden as it was tragic. A few days previously Jack Norman had announced his purpose of travelling North in order to join a shooting-party in Scotland. He had intended to catch the afternoon train, and, lingering over lunch, found himself with little time to spare. A cab had been hastily called, the luggage thrown on the roof, and the man told to drive like the devil. Instructions so peremptory were not to be disobeyed. A flourish of the whip, a volley of oaths, and away went the vehicle at headlong speed. The result might have been foreseen. In the act of turning a sharp corner, the cab lurched against a heavy waggon, and, overturning, shot its occupant out upon the pavement, his head coming into violent contact with the kerb-stone. Jack Norman had been carried home in a state of unconsciousness, while the doctor, hurriedly summoned, pronounced the case to be hopeless from the first. An hour later the intelligence reached Esther that her husband was no more.

As she sat thus, alone and chilled, the noise of a cab drawing up in front of the house passed without notice. Equally unremarked was the hasty ringing of the door-bell. Nor was it until the familiar sound of Alec Macleod's foot upon the stairs made itself heard that Esther awoke to vivid consciousness of the occasion.

Alec Macleod! As a flash of lightning illumines the darkness of the night, so the name suddenly lit up the inmost recesses of her memory. Her mind travelled swiftly back to the moment of their first meeting; she recollected with a strange thrill of satisfaction the pleasure she had found in it. The introduction had taken place at one of those huge social gatherings where celebrities rub shoulders with the crowd of nonentities assembled to gaze upon them. Esther recalled the tall, slight figure of the young doctor who had already made for himself a reputation that promised bravely for the future. She remembered thinking how curiously out of place he seemed in that motley throng; she conjured up the shy, almost appealing, look in his eyes when at last

he was presented to her. Beneath this shyness, she was quick to discover, however, there lay a tremendous fund of quiet force and intense emotion. Alec was the last man in the world to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but, when once his confidence had been gained, he made no effort to conceal the nature of his feelings. In Esther he found a sympathetic listener, one who could understand and appreciate his large manner of regarding life, and as time passed the bond that held the two together became stronger and stronger.

The catastrophe, easily foreseen, came in due course. Given the circumstances, the wonder was perhaps that it had been so long delayed. At any moment during the six months of their friendship, one unguarded word, a too-prolonged clasp of the hands, a more than usually expressive glance, might have brought matters to a climax. Precisely how or when the occasion presented itself there is no need to say. Enough that suddenly the two found themselves on the brink of a precipice, with the knowledge that one forward movement would lead them to destruction. The full significance of the situation burst upon both at the same instant. It brought to each a fierce throb of delight, immediately followed by a profound feeling of despair.

Esther was the first to recover herself. "We have come to the parting of the ways," she said. "For the future our paths lie in different directions."

He did not seek to combat her resolution, recognising only too plainly that no other course was open to them. The love he bore her, strong and masterful as it was, had nothing in common with the passion which sacrifices everything to its own desires. In Alec's nature the principles of right and wrong were firmly established. Not to have confessed to Esther what he felt for her would, it seemed to him, have been cowardly. Fate had left him no loophole out of the situation, save this. But the knowledge that it must necessarily lead to their separation was upon him from the first.

In seeking to adopt a passive attitude, Alec speedily found, however, that he had misjudged his strength. Chance had brought Esther and himself together, and chance, having started the game, continued to play it after its own whimsical fashion. Moving in the same circle, it was impossible that the two should not meet frequently, and to each such encounters could bring only a renewed sense of misery. So Alec, taking his courage in both hands, came to a mighty resolution, and, as it happened, the opportunity of putting his plan into action was not long in presenting itself.

An exploration party, with Central Africa as its ultimate destination, had been organised, and to this Alec hastened to offer his services. The step was one involving sacrifices of no slight importance, inasmuch as it meant the renunciation of a brilliant career and practical effacement for a lengthy period. But the thing, he recognised, had to be done, and the sooner the better. When next he found a chance of speaking to Esther alone, he told her of the scheme, treating it as a light affair and of little consequence. It is not to be supposed that she failed to grasp the inner significance of the measure, but she raised no opposition to his going, and, indeed, referred to the fame it might bring him with something like enthusiasm. Only she herself knew of the dull agony the news occasioned her and of the blinding tears she shed that night on returning home.

Alec had arranged to sail from Southampton on a Saturday, and, in response to his written request, Esther named the afternoon of the previous Friday for their farewell interview. It was the very day her husband had selected for his journey to Scotland.

As she heard Alec rapidly ascending the stairs, the confused servant having failed, apparently, to warn him of what had occurred, the horror of the situation burst with overwhelming force upon her. In another instant she would stand face to face with the man who held the secret of her heart, while in the room above lay her husband—dead.

Before she had time to recover her self-possession, the door opened and Alec entered the room. He came forward rapidly, taking both her hands in his. "It was good of you to let me come," he said softly.

She shrank back from him, a scared look in her eyes. Her lips trembled, but no word came from between them. She seemed paralysed.

Alec gazed at her wonderingly. "What is the matter?" he asked in an unsteady voice. "Have I done wrong in coming?"

Trembling, she drew herself away and sank down in the chair again. Then, at length, relief came in the shape of tears. Her head dropped between her hands and she wept hysterically.

Alec threw himself at her feet. "Forgive me," he said, misunderstanding her action. "I had no right to force this meeting upon you. I should have gone away silently—without word or sign. But if you knew how I longed to see you once more—how I wished that the remembrance of you might be the last thing in my heart before quitting England!"

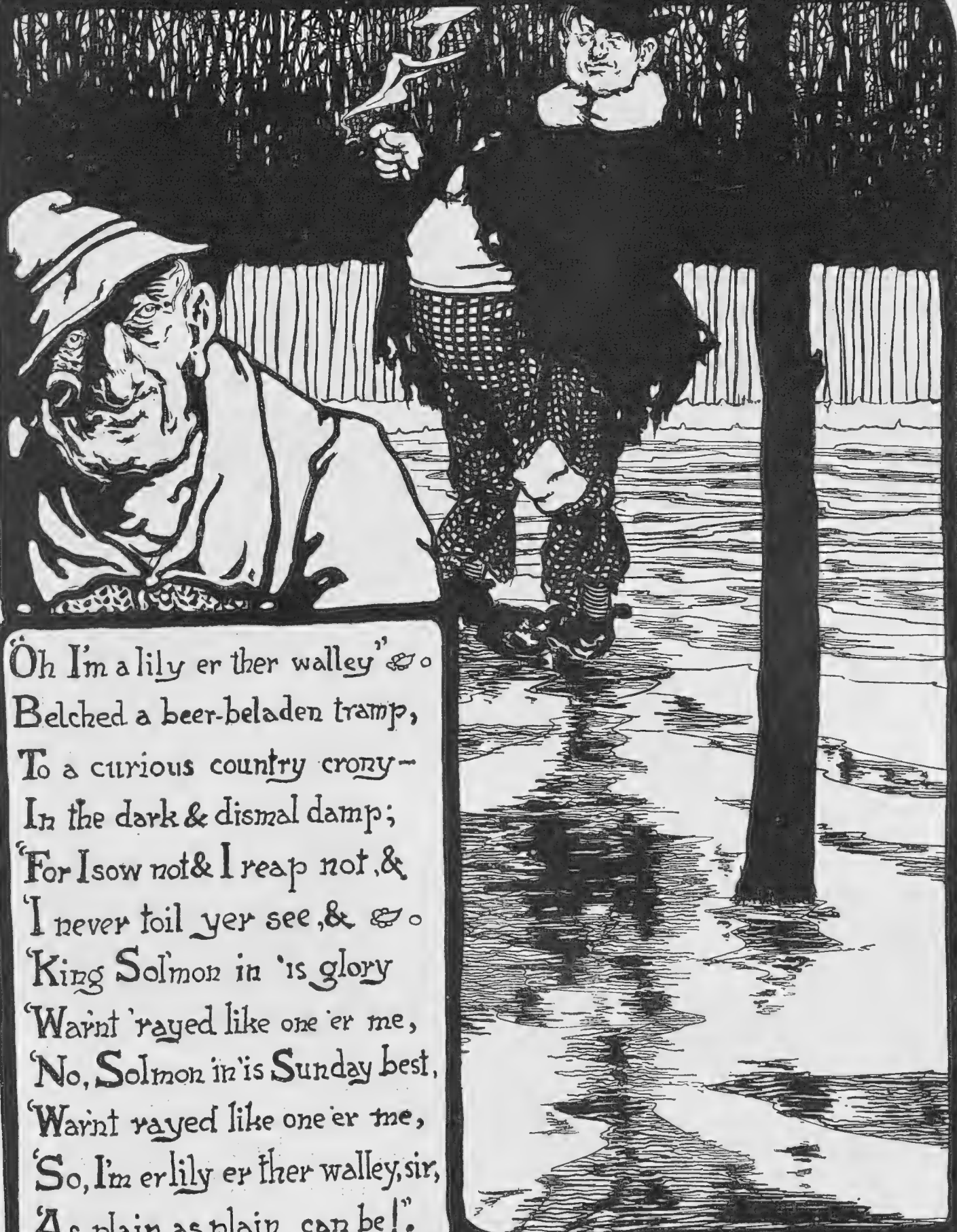
Silence, broken only by Esther's convulsive sobbing. Alec drew away a little. He was bewildered, pained. How different was this from the reception he had hoped for. Any expression of love he had not, of course, expected, but surely she might have given him the welcome due to a trusted friend.

He looked round; the gloom of the place struck him as strange. "Why are you sitting in the dark?" he asked. She did not answer immediately, and, turning, he moved towards the window as if to raise the blind.

His action aroused her. "Stop!" she exclaimed in a frightened tone. "You mustn't do that."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THE · LILY · OF · THE · VALLEY ·



'Oh I'm a lily er ther walley' & o
 Belched a beer-beladen tramp,
 To a curious country cmony—
 In the dark & dismal damp;
 'For I sow not & I reap not, &
 I never toil yer see, & o
 'King Solmon in 'is glory
 'Waint 'rayed like one'er me,
 'No, Solmon in 'is Sunday best,
 'Waint rayed like one'er me,
 'So, I'm er lily er ther walley, sir,
 'As plain, as plain can be!'

H. SANDY

Surprised by her evident agitation, he walked back to his place beside her. "Esther," he said, "something has happened. What is it? Tell me. Has that brute—?"

She threw up her hands as one who dumbly pleads for pity. For a moment their eyes met, and Alec read in hers something he had never seen there before. "Tell me," he repeated; but there was no longer any trace of anger in his voice.

"Speak no ill of the dead," she falteringly whispered.

"The dead?" he echoed. "Your husband is—?"

"Dead."

A feeling of profound awe possessed them both. But, the first shock over, Alec awakened to a tumult of conflicting emotions. The thought appeared well-nigh blasphemous, yet it seemed easy to believe that Providence had directly interposed to bring them the relief they craved for. Freedom had come—come, too, without any seeking on their part, at a moment when, in truth, they had least expected it. His heart gave a great throb and his pulse quickened at the thought. Suddenly he felt himself grow cold again as the remembrance that he stood pledged to accompany the expedition which started on the morrow stole into his mind. He knew well that the position he had accepted was one both of danger and uncertainty; that the chances were he would never issue from it alive. Was not that, indeed, his chief reason for enrolling himself among the little band of adventurers? Still, it was not impossible that, brief as the time was, he might discover someone to take his place. The idea spurred him to activity. He took Esther's hand and raised it to his lips. "I must go now," he said.

She made no effort to detain him. "And to-morrow?" she murmured.

"To-morrow will speak for itself. I hope to find a substitute who will replace me in the expedition. There will be difficulties, but I think I shall succeed."

She gave him a look of grateful recognition, and he turned away. His hand was on the door-handle when a new thought occurred to him.

Odd as it may appear, on no occasion had he met Esther's husband. Jack Norman moved in a circle entirely different from that frequented by his wife, and the two men, consequently, had never come together. What impulse prompted Alec to make his strange request it would be hard to say. Curiosity, perhaps, in some measure—a desire to look upon the man who could be indifferent to the charms and tenderness of such a woman as Esther. Human nature is far too complex a thing to admit of argument.

"Where is he?" Alec asked.

Esther gave a surprised start, but, quickly recovering herself, she replied, "In the room above."

"May I go there?"

"If you wish to do so."

Without another word, Alec went out. Presently her ear caught the faint sound of his step in the chamber overhead. The minutes passed, and still he did not reappear. What could he be doing? Esther asked herself; why did he remain away so long? The tension of the situation increased with every moment. A spasm of alarm gripped at her heart, and the features of her face grew pinched and drawn.

At last she heard the noise of a door being carefully closed and the hurried sound of descending footsteps. Her strained attitude betokened the intensity of her feelings.

The instant Alec entered she realised that something important had occurred. She rose hastily and went to him. "What is it?" she demanded breathlessly.

"There has been some mistake," he replied slowly. "Your husband still lives."

She fell back with a half-suppressed cry. "Still lives!" she repeated, as if unable to appreciate the meaning of the statement. Then, passing her hand nervously over her face, "You—you are quite sure?"

"Absolutely. The doctor you called in has been deceived by his appearance. But, if immediate steps are taken, his life can be saved."

At the words she glanced up quickly. The same idea which then and there took form in her mind had, she saw in an instant, occurred to him. "If immediate steps are taken." Within the folds of that short sentence lay the fate of three lives.

It was only a few seconds, but, as they stood facing each other, an eternity seemed to pass. The thoughts of both were busy with the same possibilities; each realised with a vividness which left nothing indeterminate that they had only to stand aside and let events follow their natural course to be assured of freedom. So, for what appeared a lifetime, the two, silent and palpitating, fell beneath the spell of a great temptation.

Like a deadly nightmare the thing passed as it had come, and, with a gasp almost of horror, both awoke to the reality of their thoughts. Esther was the first to move. Placing her hand gently on her companion's arm, she whispered to him, "Whatever comes of it, Alec, we must do what is right."

"Yes," he answered, struggling to maintain his composure, "though it part us for ever."

"Though it part us for ever," she repeated sadly.

She moved away and seated herself once more. Expectancy died out of her face, and the old expression of hopeless melancholy stole into it again. Why, she wondered, had life been made so hard for them?

She scarcely noticed that he had left her till from without came the sound of bells violently rung, of servants hurrying to and fro, of doors hurriedly opened and closed. But still she sat in the dim, solitary room, waiting—for what she hardly dared to think.

So the minutes crept slowly on. Outside, bustle and noise had

yielded to perfect silence—a silence that to the agonised woman seemed more eloquent than speech. The touch of a hand upon her shoulder announced Alec's return. A shiver passed through her frame, but she did not even raise her eyes. "Well?" was all she said.

The answer seemed long in reaching her, although Alec replied almost immediately. His voice was hard and dry, but the words came with appalling distinctness: "Your husband will recover."

She made no movement—gave no sign even that she had heard, but remained, as before, gazing fixedly into space. Alec stooped and touched her cold, white lips with his. "Good-bye," he said, "for ever."

So she sat, impassive and still as a statue, till the sound of the outside door closing heavily proclaimed that Alec had left the house. Then she fell upon her knees, and, with clasped hands raised tremblingly to heaven, cried aloud in her despair, "God give me strength to bear my burden!"

A MINIATURE MAY.

Edna May is being copied at all fancy-costume balls. This little maid, Miss Vera Twining, appeared as the Belle of New York at a Children's Ball at the Kensington Palace Hotel the other day, and Mr. Jacolette photographed her—

Here's a dear little girl in a queer little gown,
Like the maid of the Salvation Army—
I mean Edna May, who has put all the town
In a state that her poet calls balmy [pronounce "barmy"].
Her petticoat's short—that's just as it "ort"
(The poet's bad rhymes are zymotic)—
For she's only a child masquerading in sport,
And no Transatlantic exotic.

She's dressed like the Belle of New York
(Which never should jingle to "talk"),
Too fluffy and flowery—
For England is showery—
To let her go out for a walk [pronounce "work"].
And yet, as you know, after all,
She only was meant for a ball,
Where everyone said of her
"Look at the tread of her!"
She is the Belle of New York!"



She isn't too high and she isn't too shy,
This dear little bit of a lassie;
She'll conquer the heart of a swain by-and-by
(The nursery as yet is her Plassy).
Yet, I fear, when she grows she will cover her hose,
For she'll put (I am certain) a skirt on,
Which only will show us the tip of her toes,
When she studies at Newnham or Girton.
I like her the best when she's daintily dressed
As the pretty Salvationist's mimic;
Alas that she cannot obey my behest
To stop at the stage cherubic!
But when she grows tall, she will think of her ball,
And her picture will make her remember
How London obeyed the Salvationist's call,
And May triumphed over December.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

The new Alhambra ballet will be welcomed the more heartily because it dispels the ugly rumours set on foot to the effect that the great house in Leicester Square was about to give up the form of entertainment by which it is best known. Under the old régime, the prospects of ballet



MISS CASABONI.

Photo by Deneulain, Baker Street, W.

were not encouraging; Mr. Slater was quick to recognise the need for preserving the best traditions of the house, and deserves the thanks as well as the praise of all lovers of ballet. Hans Christian Andersen wrote the story upon which the Alhambra spectacle is founded—the story of a foolish girl whose love for finery led her to put on the miracle-working shoes and suffer the grievous punishment of dancing her life away. There is ample opportunity for the incidents dear to the ballet-writer—the meeting with Scythian statues in the depths of an enchanted forest, the dance of the Four Winds of Heaven, the vision of an earthly paradise where troubles are unknown, its disappearance with the swiftness of mirage, the return of the sinner to her native village, her repentance and forgiveness. All these scenes in the life of the heroine are vividly presented; lavish colouring, tasteful mounting, and graceful dancing charm the eye from the first scene to the last. I would have welcomed a few slower dance-measures—not that the dancing left anything to be desired, so much as for the contrast that would have obtained, and I am old-fashioned enough to have missed the work of the *première danseuse*; but, if the management ultimately shares my opinion, the items can be interpolated at some later date, or one dance can be substituted for another. The company acquits itself admirably. I have called attention to the merits of Miss Casaboni before to-day in these columns. In the part of Darinka she has her best chance of distinction, and takes it. She is not only a dancer; she can act with great intelligence, and uses her gifts with the unflagging energy and spirit characteristic of all her work. Julie Seale, who has but little to do, does that little well; Charles Raymond shows considerable talent; and the work of the Bachelor troupe adds to the charm of the dancing. The *corps de ballet* has been renovated and strengthened. Ladies who have long passed the heyday of youth and beauty no longer revel in the front rows. "They are fled, and their footsteps escape us," and their places have been taken by girls young, pretty, and capable. A very vigilant stage-management is in evidence all through the performance. Everybody is on the *qui vive*, alert, anxious to please, striving to assert an individuality, albeit within the limits prescribed by the work. Herein lies a secret of success. Signor Pratesi is to be congratulated upon the effective dances he has arranged, and Mr. Byng's work in the orchestra calls for recognition. What remains to be said, except that nobody can afford to leave the new Alhambra ballet unvisited?

Miss Casaboni was brought up in the Alhambra, and it is the one and only stage on which she has appeared. She was born in London, and is thoroughly English, though her father was a Frenchman and her mother of Sephardic descent. Her first prominent performance consisted in her adoption of Miss Florence Levey's part in "Blue Beard." Some time after, she was brought into further prominence by taking Madame Campana's part in the Hungarian ballet of "Tzigani," in which she scored a great success. Since then she has been one of the principal dancers in every Alhambra ballet, and, among other rôles, has successfully acted the Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," Ellen, the sweetheart, in "The Gathering of the Clans," Eily Leary in "Donnybrook," Alice in "Rip Van Winkle," and the saucy innkeeper's daughter in the breezy and evergreen "Jack Ashore." She is best known for graceful skirt-dancing and for what is termed "character-dancing," in which she has already shown some inventive ability, and it is a great recognition of her talent that Mr. Slater should have selected her for the part of Darinka in "The Red Shoes," instead of going to Italy or Germany for the *première danseuse*. He wants, as he patriotically says, "to give our English girls a chance." Darinka is much the biggest thing Miss Casaboni has yet done, but her ambition is to play Carmen in ballet.

Mdlle. Emilienne d'Alençon, who takes the part of the avenging angel in the ballet, has for a number of years been among the popular favourites with the theatre-going public in Paris, where she is recognised as one of the principal pantomimists, or "mimes," to use the ballet technicality. She had long since been ambitious to appear in London, and Mr. Slater is much to be congratulated upon having engaged another Parisian beauty to make her début before a London audience. She has appeared in a large number of plays and ballets in Paris with marked success, and among her most popular rôles may be mentioned Prince Charming in "Beauty and the Beast," at the Folies

Bergère, "Emilienne aux Quatre d'Arts," at the same theatre, and Marcella in the grand ballet of "Néro" at Olympia. In addition to being an actress and pantomimist, Mdlle. d'Alençon is a sweet singer; and nothing in her repertoire pleases her so much as Miss Ellaline Terriss's songs at the Gaiety, such as "A Little Bit of String," which she sings in English at every conceivable opportunity in Paris.

Madame Katti Lanner tells me that she will begin rehearsals almost immediately for a new ballet to be produced at the Empire Theatre at the beginning of the season. From other sources I learn that the directors have wisely decided to return to the style of performance in which some of their greatest successes have been secured, and to produce something on the lines of "Round the Town." It is to be hoped that, in addition to being up to date, the new ballet will have a strong story. Neither of the ballets since "Monte Cristo" has had the advantage of a definite plot, and consequently the long array of talent at the disposal of the management has had no chance. It is painful to see a great artist like Madame Cavallazzi Mapleson with little or nothing to do when one recalls her work in "Orfeo," "Faust," and "Monte Cristo," to name only a few of the pieces in which she has demonstrated that no task ballet can impose is beyond her powers. I think the management makes a mistake in seeking to curtail the length of a ballet. One hour is not too long; in no shorter time can the writer, the composer, and the artists do justice to their work. At the Empire the audiences have declared most unmistakably for the long ballet, when it has not been put on too late in the evening.

They are working hard at the Prince of Wales's on the new opera, to be called "The Coquette," which will be produced on Saturday. Mr. Lowenfeld may justly quote Addison and declare, "'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it," for he spares no pains to achieve the perfect in his productions. With an omnipresent and a wary eye he surveys every department himself, and is quick to discern defects and shortcomings. He engages excellent artists, and gives them and his chorus the benefit of the best teachers in singing, in elocution, in dancing, and in deportment. He stints in nothing—hard work, costume, scenery, stage-furnishing, all must be adequate. I hear that the book, which Mr. Dam has adapted from the Spanish, "shapes" (as they say) remarkably well, and those who listened to the somewhat unfortunate "Royal Star" know that M. Clericc's music is tuneful and refined. Mr. Edouin, Mr. Le Hay, and Miss Aileen D'Orme all have excellent opportunities—the lady we



MDLLE. EMILIENNE D'ALENÇON.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

know as a charming singer. Here she has a capital chance to show her qualities as an actress. Success to the venture!

The daughter of the Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland by her first marriage, Miss Irene Blair, has been seized with the Society craze for the profession, and is gaining experience with Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, which was last week at Eastbourne.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PAGE.

The Eridge Foxhounds, under Lord Henry Nevill, who has held the Mastership since 1893, hunt a beautiful tract of country in the northern portion of Sussex, and their meets are immensely popular with the good people of Tunbridge Wells, which town stands upon the northern border of the Eridge territory. The hounds meet twice a-week, and, when scent lies in the Vale country, which is nearly all grass, a fast hunter that can jump banks and ditches is the only "conveyance" that will let his rider see sport. There are large woods in the country, and those who like to see hounds hunt as well as run may enjoy themselves at the woodland meets. There is little or no wire in this fortunate country. If you think of taking a day with these hounds, you should remember that strangers are expected to contribute to the Damage Fund, which is devoted to the repair of gates and fences, and to meeting many other claims which usually follow the passage of horsemen and hounds over the farmers' lands.

Sir Francis Burdett's, otherwise known, after the name of his residence near Burton-on-Trent, as the Foremark Harriers, hunt the hare twice a-week on the borderlands of Leicestershire and Derbyshire, within the territories of the Quorn and Meynell Foxhounds. The pack, which consists of thirty couples



THE ERIDGE FOXHOUNDS.



GULLS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

of dwarf foxhounds, is owned, maintained, and also hunted by Sir Francis, who has the kennels under his own eye at Foremark Hall. Many people imagine that harriers are not welcome in a foxhunting country, but this is a mistake. In drawing for hares which lie out in the open fields, the harriers rout up any foxes that may chance to be sunning themselves abroad, and do useful service by sending them back to the coverts where the foxhounds expect to find them. The great Mr. Jorrocks spoke contemptuously of harriers, which he was wont to call "currant-jelly dawgs," but Mr. Jorrocks was slightly prejudiced in these matters, for a stout hare gives a splendid run which by no means necessarily ends in roast hare and currant-jelly.

The gulls are become a regular winter institution on the ornamental water in St. James's Park; they belong to the Black-headed species, but are black-headed only in name, as the dark-chocolate hood disappears entirely, or almost entirely, during the winter. These birds always come up the estuaries of our rivers in search of food when the cold weather sets in, and from the Thames at Westminster to St. James's Park is a very short step for birds of such flighting powers; nevertheless, their appearance there in recent mild winters in increasing numbers

points to what naturalists would call "acquired habit," but which we may call recollection of favours received. There is nothing very remarkable in their return to a spot where they find people vying with one another to feed them, but it is remarkable how quickly these usually shy birds have discovered that man in the Park is harmless. I saw one gull, only a few days ago, swoop and take a sprat from a girl's hand as she held it out, so fearless has regularly feeding made the bolder spirits. There is nothing more beautiful than a cloud of these sea-birds swirling like great snowflakes round their patrons. If you would see them at their best, invest in half-a-pound of sprats at the fishmonger's, and betake yourself to the waterside. The entertainment is quite the best you can procure for twopence.

The great winter show of dogs, held by Mr. Charles Cruft at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, is to be opened to-day, and bids fair to maintain its reputation as the most fashionable Canine Exhibition of the year.



SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S HARRIERS.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The cyclist encounters many strange sights. In this picture he has wheeled himself to the moor which is equidistant from the main-line of the London and North-Western Railway and the great turnpike-road from London to Oxford, about half-a-mile north of Boxmoor Station, and there



A HIGHWAYMAN'S GRAVE AT BOXMOOR.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

he stands by the grave of a nameless highwayman. A rude stone and a small mound of earth alone mark the spot, and many thousands have doubtless passed on either side unconscious of the tragedy which was here enacted, and, may be, the man and his story would have been entirely forgotten but for an act of kindness performed by the inhabitants of the village to this stranger within their gates. The story, in brief, is that, on the turnpike-road hard by, the bold highwayman stopped and robbed the mail (a fearful offence in those days), and, being caught, suffered the death penalty by hanging on an adjacent tree. He being dead, the minions of the law dug a pit, and, uncoffined as it was,

ruthlessly cast in the body, hastily shovelled earth over it, and departed. Their rough, unnatural action so hurt the feelings of the onlookers that, the next day, these latter dug up the stranger's body, laid it in a coffin, and then carefully re-consigned it to mother earth, and placed a headstone to mark the spot. Ever since, though many generations have passed away, their good deed is remembered, shining as a light in a dark place. The grave is well known locally.

I was once talking with the late Chief Justice Coleridge about legal anomalies, and he maintained, however it might seem to the lay mind, that law was nothing else but common sense. I have been thinking of this in connection with the legal decision about the hour of lighting-up. By law we have to carry lamps between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. Many local authorities have used Greenwich time as their reckoning-point. Yet at Penzance there is a difference of twenty-two minutes between Greenwich time and actual time; and it is certainly hard on a cyclist to be fined for riding lampless an hour after sunset, whereas, as a matter of fact, the sun has set only a little over half-an-hour. Anyway, we have now the decision of the High Court that the local police must interpret the law on the actual-time basis, and not on that of Greenwich.

This is common sense. Yet, personally, I would be willing to sacrifice the common sense for a uniformity of time. It is extremely awkward to have no fixed basis, but a variation of half-an-hour between the East and the West Coasts. I see considerable difficulties in the way of peregrinating cyclists like myself finding out what is the actual time. We don't set our watches by actual time; but all over the country, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, we accept Greenwich. Being a peaceful-minded man myself—not desirous of having wayside quarrels with policemen—I would, for certainty's sake, be willing to abide by Greenwich. And I'm sure we'll come to that before a couple of seasons have passed.

Hyde Park is not a place I go cycling in. But many hundreds of people do, and, of course, it's not everybody who can tell when it's exactly noon, the hour when riding in the Park must cease. Therefore, it's not pleasant to be suddenly stopped by a policeman, and then summonsed before the Magistrate at Marlborough Street. It is not right for constables standing at the gates to allow wheelers, forgetful of the time limit, to cycle into the Park, so that the next constable can pounce upon them for breaking the law. It almost looks like a trap, and I've had several complaints from riders who have fallen into it. Will the Hyde Park police assist in preventing people breaking the law, instead of standing by till they do break it and then summonsing them?

I hope I'm a fairly law-abiding person, but I confess that within this last week or two I've broken the law repeatedly. I never have any hesitation about riding along the footpath when the roadway is in too bad a condition. For the life of me I cannot see what harm there is in wheeling on a path. The cyclist doesn't take up any more width than he would walking. On the Continent I've ridden thousands of miles along the footpaths, where such riding is permitted, and I've never known an accident. Besides, a cyclist has a right to feel aggrieved when the law does not permit him to even wheel his machine on the path past a bad stretch of road, while babies and their perambulators are allowed

to obstruct pedestrians wherever they like. This last week I have been down in Devon and Cornwall, and also South Wales. I cycle where I can if the local authorities are neglectful in keeping the roadway in condition. It's wrong; I know; but I risk it.

Another invention—not mad, however, like some I referred to last week. Chainless or cog-driven bicycles have had their day. We keep to our chains, and yet the best of them are anything but perfect. The two main objections thrown at them is that they are heavy and difficult to clean. A man has just invented a steel driving-band which some people think will supersede the chain. It is three-quarters of an inch wide, and perforated with oval holes to catch the sprockets. The sprocket-wheel itself has to be proportionately widened to accommodate the band. Of course, this new driving appliance is not likely to be so enduring as a chain; but it is much cheaper, it can be cleaned quite easily, and its weight is only three ounces.

Yorkshire, as a county, is doing well towards keeping the roads fit. There are 1125 miles of main-road, and the cost last year in maintenance was £165,195. The average cost per mile in keeping up a road has increased, in the last ten years, from £106 to £148. Wheelmen, of course, participate in the advantages of this improvement. Still, this last month I've come upon some frightfully muddy ways in the regions of the Tyke. The county which, at the present moment, has the best cycling-roads is Cheshire. I haven't been recently in Cheshire myself, but friends tell me that, notwithstanding the bad weather, the shire where the cheese comes from would be hard to beat.

Mr. H. V. Esmond is a capital actor, but I am afraid his opinions on cycling are not of much value. He bicycles, and, in the course of a recent interview, he had something to say about literary work and cycling. He says that cycling, or any form of exercise, is injurious to a man when he is doing a lot of brain-work at high pressure. "At such a time even a short walk is harmful. When a man is working his brain morning, noon, and night, he should take no exercise at all." Now this is sheer nonsense. Exercise is a stimulant to brain-work. Most of our novelists will tell you that they work out their plots when taking long walks. Mr. Balfour generally elaborates his political arguments while playing tennis. Personally, I at times have an exceeding mass of literary work on hand—as different as can be from writing notes about cycling—and whenever I am worn out and fagged, I just get astride my "bike" and go for a twenty miles' hard ride, and invariably come back refreshed, clear-headed, and better able to go on with my work than before. Mr. Esmond is clever, but he isn't correct.

The "rational dress" is once more upon us. A lady riding in long skirts has been badly injured, because her frock caught in the pedals, and she was thrown nastily to the ground. Another lady, to avoid such mishaps, wore "bloomers," but an indignant old woman who keeps an inn down in Surrey objected to the unladylike costume, refused to supply the "creature" with food, and has been hauled before the law for not doing so. My sympathies are entirely with the wearer of the "bloomers." I don't really like "bloomers," and I have not the honour of knowing a single lady who wears them. Still, they are far better for cycling in than the long, wobbling, flapping skirts that English girls think are necessary to modesty. It's all a matter of taste, and therefore it is absurd that an innkeeper who sells bottled beer and whisky should impugn the reputation of a girl by refusing her food simply because that girl dresses as she thinks best. "Bloomers" and long skirts, however, both lack elegance. In America, girls wear short dresses, and they are not skittish about letting it really be seen that they possess ankles. I must say an American girl cycling looks far prettier and neater than her long-skirted English cousin. Now, won't one of our Princesses take to short frocks and set the fashion?

Here is a group of cyclists in Kurunegalle, fifty-eight miles in the interior of Ceylon, taken by Mr. A. W. Andree, of the Hopetoun Studio, Colombo. The group consists of the Rev. W. J. P. Waltham, incumbent of Christ Church, Kurunegalle, with three of his parishioners. J. F. F.



A PARTY OF CYCLISTS IN THE INTERIOR OF CEYLON.

Photo by Andree, Ceylon.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Lincoln Handicap is very likely to attract an average field; but it does not follow that the best horse in the entry will win, as fitness tells a tale in the early days of the spring. Several three-year-olds are left in, and the best of these I take to be Mazeppa, who was more than useful as a two-year-old. Of the other horses, I like Clipstone, Kopely, and General Peace. The last-named is a smasher when fit, but he may not come to hand in time. Of course, Robinson's lot will have to be reckoned with, and Prince Barcaldine may once more turn out to be the best, unless Lady Tertius, of whom nothing is known, proves to be a flyer. Mr. Horatio Bottomley may win with Hawfinch, but he has plenty of weight. By-the-bye, why is Mr. Bottomley's Christian name always given in full in the sporting papers?



CAPTAIN COE.

Photo by the Parisian School of Photography,
Fleet Street.

I think the Grand National should yield well in the matter of runners, as all the crack chasers have accepted, with the exception of Gauntlet, who is unsound. I hope to see one of the best races of the last decade for the cross-country Derby; but I cannot help thinking that the handicapper has let Gentle Ida in too lightly with 11 st. 7 lb., and at present I am disposed to suggest that Mr. H. M. Dyas holds the key to the situation. But the mare may be sold before the day—as Mr. Dyas does not object to driving a good bargain when the chance arrives—though I expect to see her go to the post. She is very fast and very safe. I have heard the best accounts of The Soarer, who is to be ridden by A. Nightingall. This horse is small, but very useful.

It cannot be said that the City and Suburban looks a flourishing affair on paper, yet there is sure to be a big field for this race, as owners delight in seeing their colours carried at Epsom. If a three-year-old is to be successful in the race, I think Wild Irishman will be the one, although Strike-a-Light, a rejected of Kingsclere, was a very smart two-year-old. It would not surprise me at all to see Tom Cringle win for Lord Rosebery. The Jubilee Stakes, in my opinion, is a good thing for Bridgroom, who ran a respectable second to Dinna Forget, and now has a lump the best of the weights. The course will suit Bridgroom, and, if he is sound and fit on the day, I do not see what could possibly stop him.

Long-distance races are, in my opinion, always interesting to sightseers, and it is a matter for congratulation that we still have some stayers in training. Soliman, sound and well, will take some stopping in the Great Metropolitan, though I hear good accounts of Cretan Belle. I think we shall see a good race for the Chester Cup this year. On a first glance, I think Piety looks to hold the field safe, but Marius II. may improve, and Asterie, who finished second in the Cesarewitch, would run well with Sloan in the saddle. I am afraid the Duke of Westminster will not win the prize this time, as Batt has too much weight, but John Porter holds a strong hand in the race, and I certainly should like to see the race go to Kingsclere.

Owners find it very difficult to work commissions on their horses before the day of the race, and it seems that the markets at the principal clubs are monopolised by the agents of the Continental-list men who do a lot of "hedging." So far as big wagers are concerned, ante-post betting is a thing of the past. The only chance an owner with a real good animal now has is to go to a leading bookmaker a few days before the race, and take one big bet, leaving the professional in possession of the whole market. *Per contra*, according to rumour, some unscrupulous owners, when they find they cannot back their horses, do not object to taking a share in a laying-book.

A correspondent writes: "Captain Coe has overlooked a curious law passed by James VI. (1621) in relation to betting, which ought to have endeared that festive monarch to the clergy. This Act tended to precisely the same end as the Proclamation referred to, but could not have been very easy to carry into effect, as it prescribed that, 'Any man winning over one hundred marks at cards, dice, or wagering on horse-races in the space of twenty-four hours shall forfeit the surplus to the Kirk for the poor.' I am not quite sure that I have given the statute word for word, but this is correct in the main." If Captain Coe could furnish the date of the Proclamation referred to, the correspondent aforesaid would be much obliged to him.

Racing syndicates are not uncommon at the present time, though I do not think they will succeed in paying big dividends to their partners. I remember, some years ago, *en route* to Goodwood, hearing a very big racing-man say that a syndicate might be formed to own a lot of platers, when by chance they might find themselves controlling every horse entered in a selling race, and then they could trade on their special information at a profit. A listener ventured the opinion that, before the profit was assured, the members of the syndicate would have to ride their own horses, and I thought at the time the gentleman making the reply knew something.

The difference between the bookmaker and the Club member is great when it comes to the question of paying at race-meetings. Take the case of Sandown Park, where twenty-two days' racing takes place during the year. That means £22 for the bookmaker to pay for admission to Tattersall's ring. The Club member pays ten guineas, which entitles him to take two ladies to all meetings, also to free admission for his carriage to the Park and members' carriage-enclosure. Further, the Club member gets the benefit of special trains to and from the meeting. Now, I think the racecourse companies might arrange to issue annual tickets for Tattersall's ring at a big reduction. I am certain it would pay the companies in the long run, and it would be a boon to the professionals.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE EAST SHEEN CLUB.

The Secretary of the Sheen House Club, East Sheen, writes to me as follows—

I am very much surprised to read the statement in your issue of the 1st inst. that Sheen House has closed both its doors and the track, both these statements being *absolutely without foundation*, and calculated to do us an immense amount of harm, both from intending members and those members whose subscriptions are still due.—Yours truly,

O. PETT TRISCOTT.

We hasten to assure Mr. Pett Triscott that the paragraph was inserted without any sort of feeling against the club, and we regret that the mistake should have been made. We may add the following particulars—

General George Moncrieff and Mr. Cecil Fane have joined the Committee.

The centre area of the track is being enlarged and the cinder-track grassed in.

The Oxford and Cambridge Universities and United Hospitals will hold their races on the track.

The Lawn-Tennis Open Lawn-Tennis Tournament commences May 15.

A Bicycle-Polo Club Championship and Badminton Club Championship will be held, &c.

Admirers of the Borzoi would be interested in the experiment made with a brace of these beautiful dogs at the Bangor Coursing Meeting. It must be admitted that they did not acquit themselves very brilliantly: an eye-witness says that the hare "literally played with them, and at last went clean away." This sounds ignominious, but we are not told whether the dogs had been trained or not—the best of untrained greyhounds might render a poor account of a good hare. On the other hand, that experienced judge of coursing, Mr. Brice, says that he has frequently judged Borzois in Russia, and is of opinion that a slow greyhound could beat the best wolfhound easily. Evidently the Borzoi has found its true *métier* on the carpet as a decorative pet.

What is the dog-fancier to do when he finds, at considerable expense, that the law of the land and the law of the Kennel Club are diametrically opposed to one another? Some months ago Mr. Panmure Gordon, a famous breeder of collies, and respected judge at dog-shows, paid £100 for a dog which had won numerous prizes. He bought it on its reputation, and when he saw the dog he found that its ears derived the approved falling of their tips from the application of leaden clips. Regarding this method of improvement illegitimate, he sued the sellers to recover its price. Mr. Panmure Gordon holds strong opinions on the impropriety of interfering in any way with the appearance of dogs for exhibition, and to show one whose ears had thus been artificially "improved" was impossible. To the dismay of all who seek to raise the standard of dog-show principles, Lord Stormonth-Darling gave judgment against him, holding his views in the matter "in advance of the average opinion of dog-fanciers." At all events, Mr. Panmure Gordon is not in advance of the latest rules of the Kennel Club on the subject, and not, I venture to say, in advance of the best authorities. There is talk of an appeal, and, in the interests of fair-play and humanity, I trust it will come off and be successful. Wearing lead ear-rings, however light, can hardly promote the comfort of a dog, when you remember they must "bite" so firmly that he can't shake them off.

A correspondent writes—

In your Derby Number for 1896 you published a photo of four white men playing "tennis in West Africa." It may interest you to know (as showing what a sanatorium we live in!) that I am the only one at present alive. Even the dog that appears in the photo has gone the way of all flesh.

Owing to that pest phylloxera and to other causes there seems to be very little really good brandy to be obtained. You can, however, rely upon the liqueur brandy of Messrs. Gautier Frères. It is guaranteed to be twenty years old, it is nicely and neatly put up, and the price is not extravagant.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

THE POSITION.

There is no doubt that the public have got the speculative fever again, and that the attack is a severe one. Go where you will in the City, there are signs of a genuine revival of interest in Stock Exchange matters, both speculative and otherwise. For the moment money is cheap, the Yankees have been buying and paying for large quantities of their own railway stocks, and the immediate outlook is more than usually promising. Since the 1895 boom we cannot remember either brokers or jobbers so full of business as they have been during the last fortnight, and the Kaffir Circus is quite its old self again. There are times when political troubles appear about twice their natural size, when the very rumour of the Emperor William having a cold is enough to depress every market, or the state of Dreyfus's health is a matter of the utmost importance to every punter in Throgmorton Street; but to-day even the most timid smile at the bare idea of political troubles, and the favourite topic of conversation is the paying-off of special-service squadrons, and the Czar's Peace Conference.

"I am sorry I cannot write you a letter from the Stock Exchange," says the "House Hunter," "because, you see, I am so busy." "Oh," we reply, "get someone else to do it for you"; but "The House Hunter" sighs a weary sigh and says, "We are all too busy, my dear fellow; it can't be done."

Whether the "boom" will last or not is a difficult matter to guess, but, at present, it looks as if we were in for an era of speculative activity, during which those who got "stuck" with much rubbish in the good old days, may perhaps, if they are wise, find an opportunity of throwing overboard a considerable quantity of the paper which they have looked upon as waste for the last few years, and which the buyers will have to lock up during a fresh slump. Our advice is to watch the markets closely, and, as far as a good deal of African "rubbish" is concerned, not to be too greedy.

HOME RAILWAYS.

A glance at the list of the most active stocks in the Home Railway Market shows that there are no less than half-a-dozen whose prices are already overtopping the record quotations of last year. It was only a couple of weeks ago that we were pointing out this department as one in which higher prices might be expected very shortly, and the general tone remains as healthy at the higher levels now prevailing as it was at the time we wrote. The volume of actual business done remains very small, even in Chathams and Districts, where the markets are more or less clique-directed, while the declaration of the "Heavy" dividends has not induced much fresh trade in either direction, buying or selling.

The Great Western distribution of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as against $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the second half of 1897, was well up to the most sanguine expectations, and the Ordinary stock responded with a rise of over 2 points on the day. At 170, the return at present to an investor is something over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or a little more than that enjoyed by a holder of Consols. It is to be hoped that the company has seen the end of its troubles for many a long day, but we should not choose the stock as an investment, even if the District Railway is to be amalgamated with the Great Western. That amalgamation has become the stock joke of the market, and the coquettish Underground is mated to a fresh line every day, the climax being reached when it was gravely stated that five of the leading lines would be partners in the absorption. The Chatham meeting had a less cheering effect upon the company's stocks than was exercised by the meeting of the South-Eastern proprietors. In spite of the advantages which the Chatham is enjoying, we should not be surprised to see a temporary reaction in the price of the Ordinary stock, whose chance of a dividend seems very remote.

Among the more sober group, the Midland dividend at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the Deferred was considered a trifle disappointing, the prophets having gone for an increase over last year's, led thereto by the large traffic increase for the final half of 1898. North-Eastern Consols ("Berwicks") are fully justifying our favourable anticipations, and for a speculative investment we rather like the look of Metropolitan Consolidated at 127.

FOREIGNERS.

The market for foreign stocks has been dull and uninteresting, principally because of the uneasiness over the Paris Settlement, which, however, it is now supposed will pass off without serious trouble. Portuguese have been weak because of the deficit disclosed by the budget, and the uncertainty as to whether anything will come of the Delagoa Bay negotiations. Spanish and Brazilian stocks have considerably improved. The long-expected Chinese Railway loan has made its appearance, and it cannot be denied that the prospectus reads well. Some 258 miles of constructed railway are mortgaged to the bondholders, and the *earnings* of the continuation north of the Great Wall are to be added when the line is built. The Chinese Government gives an absolute guarantee, and undertakes not to alienate any part of the railways which form the security for the bondholders. The British Government has made a note of this latter undertaking, whatever that may exactly mean. Of course, the fact that the line to be built with the money raised is not covered by the mortgage is a standing triumph of Russian diplomacy, but, except for this feature and all the inferences that can be drawn from it, the security appears satisfactory.

FROM JOHANNESBURG.

The following letter reaches us from our correspondent on the Rand, and will be found of interest to those of our readers who wish to understand the true value of the shares in which they are interested—

THE RANDFONTEIN'S NEW REEF.

Next to the Deep-levels, the East and West Rand are receiving the largest share of attention in Johannesburg at present. On the West Rand the position is somewhat mixed. The Violet has proved a failure, though I have little doubt

that the property will ultimately be proved to be payable. To set off against the Violet we have the Lancaster, which in the vigorous hands of Messrs. Goerz and Brakhan has achieved a marked success, having just declared its first dividend. Between this property and the Violet, the Lancaster West promises to do equally well under the same capable control. With the two Lancasters showing payable reef, it is surely time for the London shareholders in the Violet (there are few here) to waken up. Working the same reefs, the French Rand has put in three months' good milling work. It has been getting over 40s. a ton from its ore, about the same as the Lancaster, and, if this can be kept up by

the sorting out of 25 or 26 per cent. waste rock, then the French Rand is also an assured success; but I am doubtful of recent averages being maintained. Further east, the Gordon Estate, located at the Witpoortje break, where the continuity of the main reef is doubtful, has just been taken in hand by Mr. David Pullinger, author and finisher of the Buffelsdoorn.

Mr. Pullinger, who has put £30,000 cash into the Gordon—besides his brains—netted half-a-million sterling out of the Barnato deal in Buffelsdoorns, according to statements made the other day in the Law Courts here; but, somehow, no one has ever been able to get the same yields out of the Buffelsdoorn as Mr. Pullinger did in the pre-boom days. It would be interesting to know how much this astute gentleman expects to make out of the Gordon—after he has got his reef.

Beyond the Violet, at Randfontein, the bloom is off the rye. Randfonteins was a strong tip some few weeks ago, when the price was about 45s., and, on the strength of the usual straight information, every little dealer on the Johannesburg Market waded into the stock beyond his depth. The inner clique, who had bought at 25s. and upwards, must have done well, and off-loaded heavily about 45s., judging by the number of shares acquired by the dealers and public on the Johannesburg Market alone. When Fashoda broke the market, many of these men had to sell, and the liquidation of Randfonteins went on for weeks afterwards—it is hardly all over yet at the time of writing. The shares were chiefly sold in London, for Johannesburg in recent weeks, since the Fashoda slump, has been desperately hard-up, and has been chucking at London any number of unconsidered trifles to raise the ready money to pay for board and lodging.

Now comes the sequel to the heavy selling of Randfonteins. That wonderful new reef, about which Mr. J. B. Robinson discoursed so eloquently, yet with a reserve which was thought to indicate much, at the annual meeting five months ago, and to inspect which he subsequently took a personally conducted trip of friends and pressmen, lest the public should say there was deception, turns out to be not such a wonderful reef after all. It is a poor reef, as reefs go at Randfontein, according to those veracious assays submitted at shareholders' meetings—how many ounces per ton they run up to I do not care to repeat. Even this new reef, if I remember rightly, was to be a three-ounce proposition, or something near it. Hence the rapid rise in the shares from 25s. to 47s. or 48s. But reefs at Randfontein have a singular knack of showing best—on paper.

When Mr. J. B. Robinson's personally conducted party of a baker's dozen visited Randfontein at the beginning of October last, particular attention was paid to the North Randfontein, where a considerable amount of development on the new reef had been done. On this property, the strike of the various reefs being north and south, a cross-cut had been put in from the third level on the



DELAGOA BAY: TOWN AND HARBOUR.

Randfontein leader. At a distance of 255 ft. west the new reef was intersected and was driven upon north and south. It is very probably the Botha's reef of the Lancaster and neighbouring mines. At the beginning of October the reef had been driven upon 215 ft. south and 75 ft. north. It is impossible, of course, at a hurried visit, to personally sample a reef body of this extent, and certain information must be taken from officials, trusting to their *bona fides*. I do not question the accuracy of the figures supplied that day. They had been carefully worked out, were presumably accurate, and were given much prominence in the Johannesburg papers at the time; possibly also they were cabled to the London financial press, that matter being always carefully attended to, lest London should lose a good thing.

In the south drive, 215 ft. in extent, the average width of reef was stated to be 28 in., and the value of the rock per ton 74s. 3d.—the odd threepence is characteristic. The 75 ft. of driving north gave a value "over 30 in. of 60s. 9d. per ton"—again the odd coppers, to show how carefully things are looked after at Randfontein. These figures are official, and presumably the deduction which some of the local papers made from them, that "two-thirds of the assay-value should be recovered in the reduction works"—presumably this statement also was officially inspired. A two-thirds recovery would mean 49s. 6d. and 40s. 6d. respectively per ton. So much for October. The North Randfontein battery has just been closed down, and the directors here have felt it incumbent upon them to make some explanation, after the event. It is common knowledge that the yields at this mine have been wretchedly poor—about 20s. per ton—but, with yields of from 40s. to 50s. in prospect from the new reef, it was believed that the mill would be kept running until the stoping of this reef was commenced. Not so, however, and the secretary of the company furnishes various facts in explanation of the directors' policy.

More driving has been done upon the new reef, and, along with the secretary's figures bringing things up to date, I give, for the sake of comparison, the official figures supplied in October last—

NORTH DRIVE.				SOUTH DRIVE.			
	Feet.	Average Width, Inches.	Average value.		Feet.	Average Width, Inches.	Average Value.
October ...	75	... 30	... 60s. 9d.	...	215	... 28	... 74s. 3d.
January ...	140	... 26.2	... 17.4 dwt.	...	425	... 25.4	... 17 dwt. 2 gr.

The north drive, in which very little work has been done, has more than maintained the October average, but the south drive, 425 ft. in extent, shows a considerable falling off. In both drives there is a marked decline in the size of the reef, and this is the least satisfactory feature. Suppose the stopes are from 36 in. to 40 in., it will be understood how the yield must be a long way under 40s., even with the most careful sorting. On the January figures, as given above, the yield ought to be somewhere between 30s. and 35s. per ton—quite fair for a Randfontein property getting only 20s. at present, but nothing to go into ecstasies about. The heavy selling of Randfonteins these last few months gives a good indication of the actual value of the reef. The sellers, presumably, had some inkling of the figures which have been communicated to the public only lately.

THE CASE FOR COPPER.

Phenomenal seems almost too weak a word wherewith to describe the rise in the two leading Copper shares. It was only last April that Rio Tinto Ordinary were standing at 24½, and on Friday they changed hands at 40½, exactly 16 points higher. Anacondas—down to 4½ in August last year—have been to 9½ during this week, and the buying of these is set down to an influential group in the States. Other Copper shares have followed the rise of the metal in a more leisurely way, the market for these being mostly a limited one, and dealings more or less a matter of negotiation. Mount Lyells have been taken in hand, and run up sharply upon inside support, but the shares are dangerous ones to touch, and a slump in copper would probably bring down the price of Lyells—and Tintos also—with a run.

The dizzy height reached by Rio Tinto Ordinary (bringing the price at one time to within a pound of Rand Mines) is the result of buying on behalf of those whose whole confidence is wrapped up in the coming dividend. Large orders on the "bull" tack have come from Paris, and not even the talk of a failure in that City, over the Settlement, was enough to cause more than a temporary flutter in the Tinto Market. The prediction that the price of copper would rise to £70 has been exceeded by several pounds, and, as every advance of twenty shillings per ton in the price of the metal makes a considerable difference to the prospects of the Rio dividend, the "bears" are admitting that their enemies have certainly something to go upon. How much higher the price will rise we should not like to say; the market has reached a stage of wildness that takes no heed whatsoever of cold calculations.

Among the cheaper Copper shares, Copiapo and Namaqua are both respectable concerns earning steady dividends. Cape Copper are gradually recovering from the fright that shareholders received over the last report, which seemed to hint that the mine was slowly giving out. We have already drawn attention to the 6 per cent. Preference shares of this company. North Mount Lyells are a Stock Exchange "tip" at the moment. The price is about 3½, and, if the rise in copper is maintained, there seems every probability of a trip upwards in the price of the shares.

THE NEW DEEP-LEVELS.

The Kaffir Boom of '94 was noted for the introduction into the market, and to the public's notice, of what are now called the First Row of Deep-Levels. The prohibitive prices which these have now attained are sufficient to prevent any extensive participation on the part of the majority of speculators or speculative investors whose capital is not large enough to warrant their buying such expensive luxuries as, say, Crown Deep at 14, Geldenhuis Deep at 12, Robinson or Rose Deep at 13½ and 10½ respectively. The results shown by these "gilt-edged" Deeps, however, are so good as to cause a natural feeling of consideration for this particular class of Kaffir share, and the last Settlement has brought forth a stream of inquiries about the Second and Third Row of the Deep-Levels, accompanied by a steady flow of buying orders for the cheaper shares.

It has been frequently said that the Stock Exchange first buys a thing, and then thinks about it afterwards. As regards Deep-Levels, the jest hardly holds good, for there is no doubt that the people most intimately connected with the Kaffir Market have been so impressed with

the progress of the First Deeps that they are quite willing to make approximate forecasts of what may really happen when the junior Levels come into the crushing condition. One of the chief initial difficulties is the finding of capital in order to dive so deeply into the earth's bosom in search of the gold which is known to be hidden there, and one of the first considerations upon which an intending investor should reassure himself is the status of the financial group controlling the mine that suggests itself to the fancy. Two of the leading shares among the Second Row of Deeps are Simmer West and Simmer East. The first-named is the deep-level of the famous Geldenhuis Deep, a mine whose profits are already enormous, and whose outlook is considered to be as bright as its past. Simmer East is the deep-level of Rose Deep, and within a year or two it is confidently hoped that both mines will be in full working swing. Nigel Deep is a dark horse, a concern difficult to get information about; but we believe the directors have enough money to start about forty stamps.

It must be clearly understood that to buy the Second and Third Row of Deep-Levels to-day is a decided venture of faith, and there may be no interest on the capital invested for a year or two. We shall return to this subject again ere long, but, meanwhile, let us point out very emphatically that the game is a speculation, and one whose attraction must be taken in conjunction with its riskiness.

OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

The public desire to take shares in what it believes to be a sound and well-established Industrial concern was well exemplified in the case of the *Illustrated London News* issue. We are unable to give the amounts applied for, because at the time of writing the application-sheets have not been made out, but we know that all classes of stock have been many times over-applied for by some eleven thousand persons anxious to obtain shares or Debentures. Of course, it will be quite impossible to give everybody what they want, but the financial correspondents of this paper may rest assured that the applications made by them on the special forms sent out will be treated with consideration.

Not only are Industrials in favour, but there has been a great rush for the Chinese Railway loan, which, as we write, is called 2 premium, and there is very little doubt but that the New Zealand 3 per cent. loan at 96 will be well subscribed, although why people should pay this price for a 3 per cent. stock when they can buy the 3½ per cent. Estates Debentures, bearing the full and unconditional guarantee of the Government, at 101, we do not understand. By-the-bye, these New Zealand Estates Debentures are the cheapest thing in the Colonial Market.

ISSUE.

The Natural Bread and Tea Company, Limited, with a capital of £121,500, divided into 60,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, the same number of Ordinary shares, and 1500 Management shares, which take half the surplus profits after 8 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary. The option of thirty-nine shops has been secured, and the company is to work in conjunction with Messrs. Taylor Brothers, the well-known cocoa-makers. The shops to be acquired are said to be producing an average profit of £10,718 a year, and the leases, licences, fixtures, and goodwill are valued at £100,000. The purchase price is fixed at £100,079, payable as to £68,000 in cash, £1500 in Management shares, and £30,579 in cash or shares at the option of the company. If the whole of the capital is taken up, there will be £21,421 available for working capital.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. L.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. You do not say whether you want to gamble with or to hold the shares in your list. If you were to spread your money over the whole list, and take small profits as soon as you could get them on individual shares, you might make money; but stuff like Balkis Land and Potchefstroom is not made to hold, while Sheba Queens are wild-cats. Rand Victoria is a very long shot.

Spero.—Buy a few Kodaks.

KRUGER.—(1) You need have very little anxiety about your Salt "B" Debentures, price 106. In our opinion, very good holding. (2) We think this company is going on, but it is a bad egg, and you may consider your money a bad debt.

INVESTOR.—As a gamble, the shares are not bad, but take a reasonable profit and don't look upon them as an investment to sleep upon.

M. D.—Joining the reconstruction is probably throwing good money after bad, but, as you paid such a high price, it seems a pity not to have a flutter.

CONWAY.—We have no very high opinion of Globes, but to have the public in its present mood, they may well go better. Your list is not a bad one, if you will only sell at every good opportunity. Hold the Africans for the moment, but turn them all out at the first sign of a slump. No. 14 is a bad egg—write it off. No. 9 is a mine which finds rich patches, so hold and sell whenever you can get your money back.

SCOTS GREYS.—We should hold all three for the moment, but sell 2 and 3 on the first sign of the present Kaffir "boom" coming to an end. No. 1 is a very good Home Rail spec.

H. S.—We wrote to you on the 1st inst., and sent back your papers by registered letter.

TYRO.—We have no special information, but it would not suit our own money.

THRESHOLD.—(1) We advise you to have nothing to do with the reconstruction. (2) The directors' names alone are enough to warn one off. Look upon your holding as a bad debt.

BARNEY.—(1) We should hold. (2) You do not say whether you want a gamble or an investment. The new Chinese Railway loan might suit you to hold for a bit, or Missouri Common Stock for a gamble.

SAFETY.—Spread your money over (1) New Chinese Railway loan, (2) Grand Trunk Guaranteed, (3) Consolidated Goldfields Preference, (4) Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Ordinary, (5) Tamplin's Brewery Ordinary.

NOTE.—We have sent prospectuses of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, to all correspondents who asked for them before the lists were closed.